No. 9

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC IND

BATMAN

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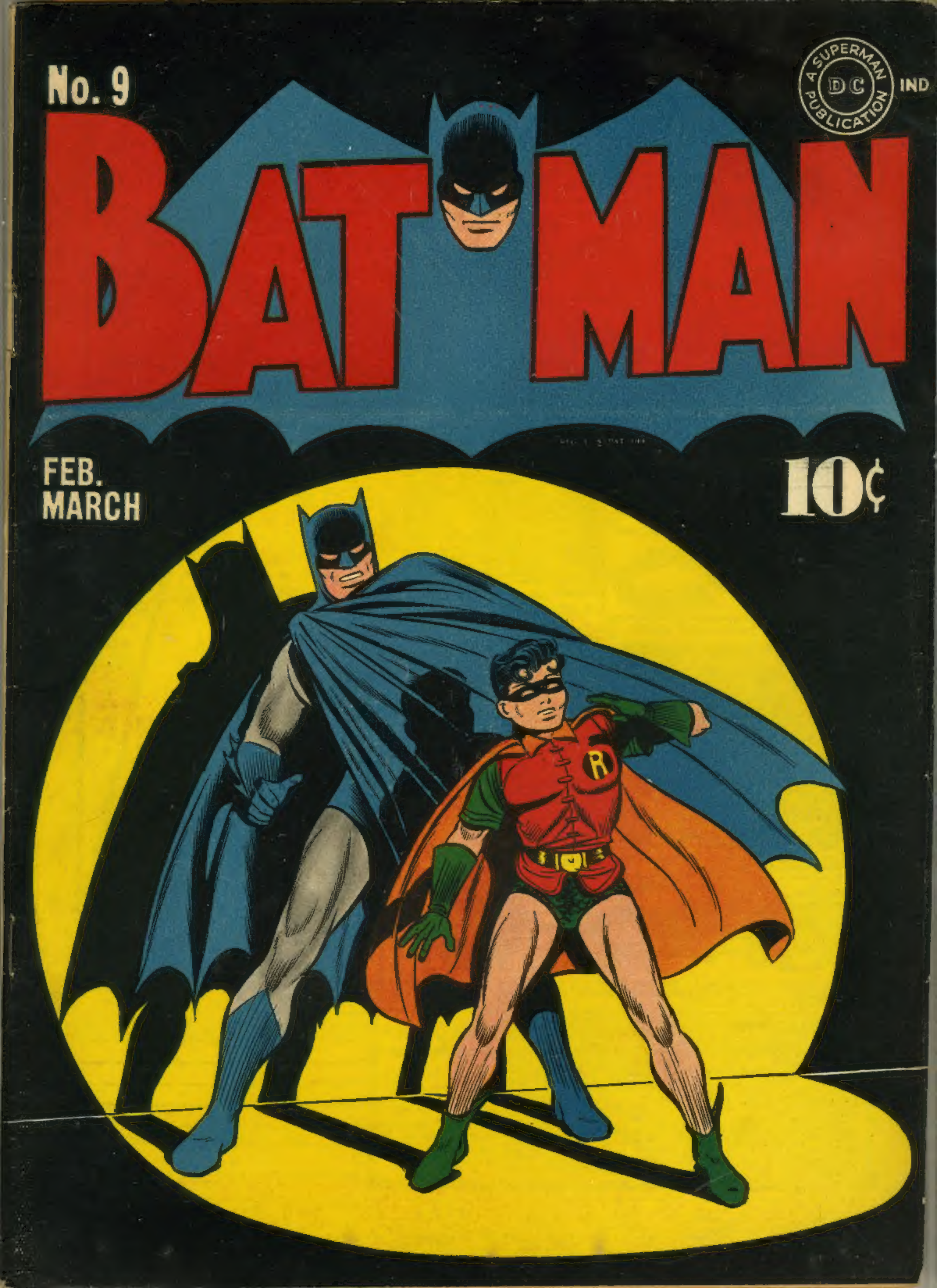


No. 9 —

BAT MAN

WITH

ROBIN

HERE IS A TALE OF MYSTERY AS OLD AS MAN IS OLD. A TALE, ALSO, OF FOUR SKEPTICAL, BIG-TIME RACKETEERS WHO FIND BLASTING GUNS HELPLESS AGAINST THE BLACK, RELENTLESS FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN! MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN-BATTLING THIS SAME VICIOUS CRIME BAND--COME UPON THINGS AND HAPPENINGS THAT EVEN THEY ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN. MERE COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS--WHO CAN REALLY TELL? CAN YOU RIP AWAY THE VEIL OF MYSTERY THAT SHROUDS THESE INEXPLICABLE EVENTS--AND SOLVE THE BAFFLING RIDDLE OF --- THE FOUR FATES!

BOB KANE

TONIGHT WE BRING YOU "PERSONALITIES AT HOME!"

WASH UP YOUR DISHES LATER, MOM. YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM IS ON AGAIN TONIGHT!

THE EAGER EARS OF MILLIONS LISTEN TO THE BROADCAST--
TONIGHT WE ENTER ANOTHER HOME TO INTERVIEW ANOTHER INTERESTING PERSONALITY!
BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE AMONG THE LISTENING AUDIENCE--
ISN'T HE THE FELLOW I READ ABOUT RECENTLY-- WEARS A GIANT RUBY IN HIS TURBAN!
THAT'S RIGHT! A RUBY WORTH A KINGS RANSOM!
A SWITCH IS THROWN--AND THE MAGIC OF RADIO TRANSMITS THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE TO MILLIONS.
JAFFEER, THE RADIO AUDIENCE IS WAITING TO HEAR YOU SPEAK!
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, FOUR FUGITIVE FIGURES BASE THEMSELVES INTO THE JAFFEER MANSION--
BUT THIS JOB IS WORTH DOIN'-- THAT RUBY WE READ ABOUT MUST BE WORTH A MINT!
A LIGHT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE! JAFFEER MUST BE SITTIN' UP READING!
THE THUGS PUSH OPEN A DOOR AND GET THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES!
STICK 'EM UP, JAFFEER OR--HOLY SMOKE! HE'S ON THE AIR!
LADIES AND-- .... I--WHO?
LIFT THAT ROCK, AND LET'S SCRAM!
THAT'S IT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU--YOU FOOLS! YOU'VE STOLEN MY LIFE FROM ME! UPON YOU I CAST THE TERRIBLE CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES!
THE CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES!" OUTSIDE, THE VERY SKY ITSELF SEEMS ACCURSED--SEEMS TO BROWN AND GROAN AS THE DREAD WORDS ARE SPOKEN!
CRACK!
BOOM!
CRASH!

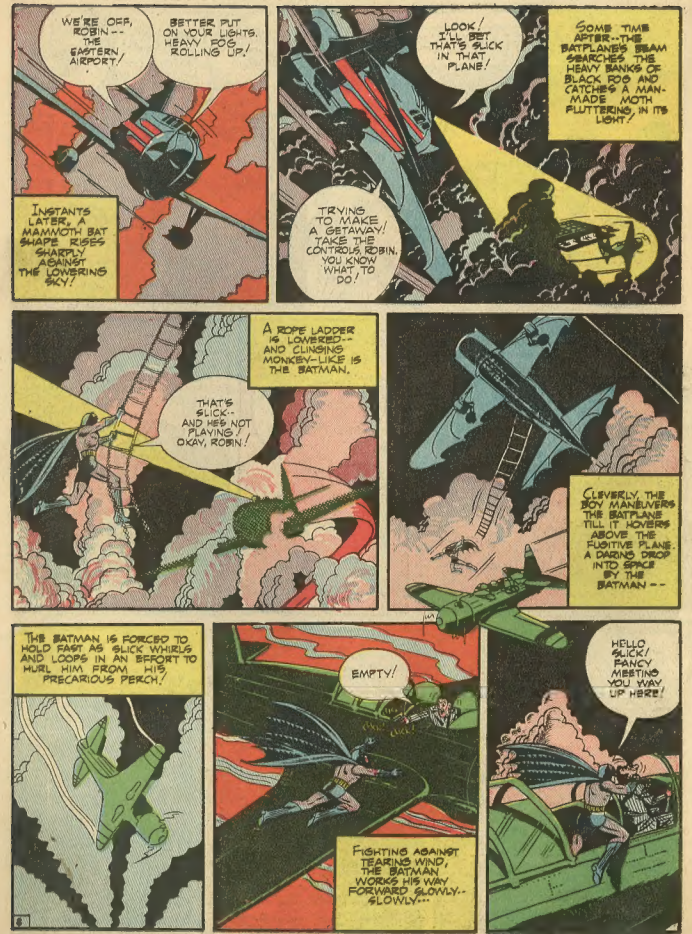
YOU! "LIGHTNING WILL BLAST YOU DOWN IN YOUR TRACKS!"
JOHN "MOUSEY" MESSS
"AIR WILL BE CHOKED FROM YOUR LUNGS!"
ALBERT "SLICK" DANDY
"METAL WILL STILL YOUR BEATING HEART!"
PETE "NAILS" LOGAN
"WATER WILL CAUSE YOUR DOWNFALL!"
MORTIMER "BRAINS" BRINIS
THAT WAS WHAT WILL BE YOUR FATE! --- THE FOUR FATES!
THERE'S A MURDER GOING ON! GET ME THE POLICE!
JOHN, LISTEN! DO YOU SUPPOSE?..
I DON'T KNOW! IT MAY BE ANOTHER GAG LIKE THAT MARTIAN SCARE, BUT IT DOES SOUNDS REAL, DOESN'T IT?
THE NATION'S RADIO AUDIENCE LISTENS TO A DRAMA TENSER THAN ANY YET HEARD ON THE AIRWAVES BEFORE!
THIS -- IS WHAT I THINK OF YOUR FOUR FATES!
C'MON, LET'S GET GOING!
AND THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING! THAT'S NO RADIO PROGRAM WE HEARD, BUT THE REAL THING!
THE STARTLING BROADCAST ONCE AGAIN CATAPULTS THE TEAM OF CRIME-BUSTERS INTO ACTION--- BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!
3

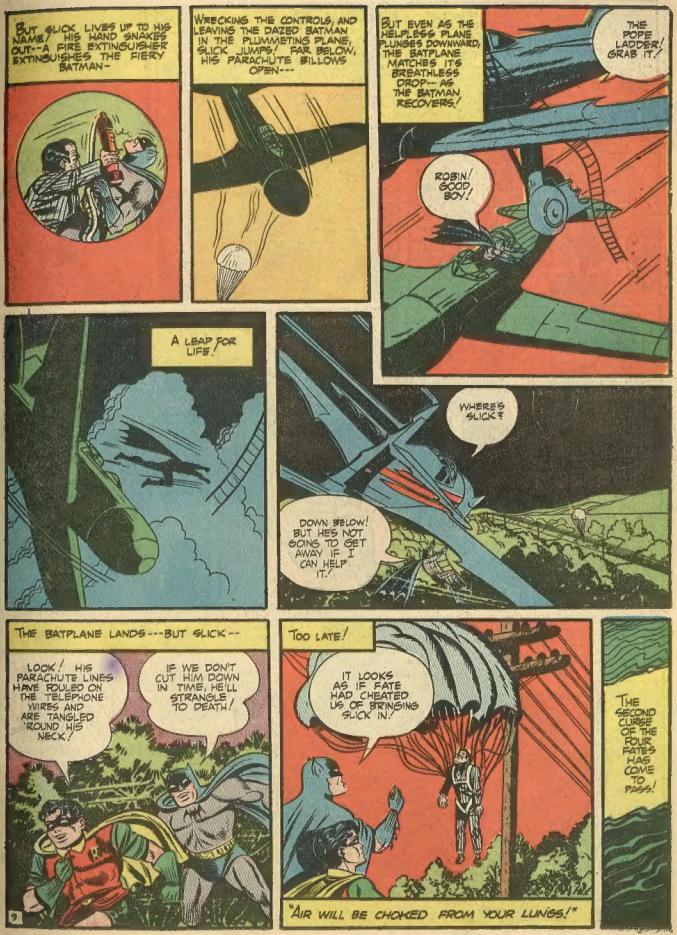
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A CASE!
YEAH-- A CASE OF TROUBLE--
MINUTES LATER--THE JAFFEER MANSION-
YOU'RE TOO LATE, BATMAN--THEY'RE GONE--- WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE, THOUGH!
RECOGNIZED THEIR VOICES ON THE RADIO SO WE BROUGHT ALONG ROGUES' GALLERY PICTURES, AND THE RADIO MEN IDENTIFIED THEM--THEY WON'T GET FAR NOW!
A MAN-HUNT IS UNLEASHED! FROM COAST TO COAST SOUND THE CEASELESS POLICE ALARMS!
ATTENTION--BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MOUSEY MEGGS---LOGAN--- -----
AND THE MISSING KILLERS---
BE ON THE LOOK-- -- CHCK!
THEM COPPERS ARE AWFULLY ANXIOUS TO GET US. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO LIFT THAT RUBY!
I CAN'T GET THAT GUYS WORDS OUT OF MY MIND--- REMEMBER THAT CURSE?
YOU AIN'T TAKING THAT STUFF SERIOUSLY?
NOT ME!
HE SAID METAL WOULD KILL ME, BUT DO YOU SEE ME WORRYIN'?
SAID WATER WOULD BE MY DOWNFALL! HA! I SWIM LIKE A FISH!
BUT THE RELENTLESS FATES ARE ALREADY ON THE MARCH---IN THE PERSONS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN---
YOU THINK BECAUSE OF ITS NOTORIETY, THE RUBY CAN'T BE SOLD WHOLE- BUT CUT UP?
RIGHT! AND ONLY BY A FENCE CAPABLE OF CUTTING THAT GEM WITH A MINIMUM OF WASTE! ONLY ONE MAN CAN DO THAT-- FRITZ THE FENCE!
HELLO, FRITZ-- BEEN CUTTING UP ANY RUBIES LATELY?
THE BATMAN!
TIGHT SQUEEZE, ISN'T IT?

CHUM, YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE WORDS!
THINK I MIGHT PERSUADE YOU TO TELL ME A FEW CHOICE FACTS ABOUT OUR FUGITIVE FOURSOME?
I--I THINK I MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING!
SOME MOMENTS LATER--
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE HOUSE FRITZ TOLD US ABOUT!
THEY'RE HIDING OUT IN THE BASEMENT! LET'S CRASH RIGHT INTO IT!
TWO SLAMMING BODIES RIP A ROTTED DOOR FROM ITS HINGES--AND ARE GREETED BY BLASTING GUNFIRE--
COME RIGHT IN, BATMAN!
RETREATING DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE ALLEY, THE KILLERS THROW UP A WHINING RAMPART OF BULLETS THAT HOLDS THE DUO AT BAY.
WAIT--THOSE ASHCANS-- MAYBE-- --HMM--
CLICK
BOUNDING ASHCANS THUNDER DOWN ON THE MURDERERS!
BATMAN THINKS HE'S GOIN' TO KNOCK US OFF OUR FEET WITH THOSE ASHCANS!
WHERE DO YOU THINK THESE ASHCANS ARE GONNA GET YOU AND THAT KID?

I UNDERESTIMATED THE BATMAN/ HE HAD THE BOY HIDE IN ONE OF THE ASH CANS!
RIGHT HERE, MISTER!
A BAT SHAPE SWEEPS DOWN ON THE GUNMEN--
HELLO-- REMEMBER ME?
OH--OH-- YOU TAKE CARE OF THESE BOYS-- I'LL GRAB THE RUNT!
THE FLEEING MOUSEY MEGGS SENDS BULLETS WHISTLING PAST HIS PURSUER---
A LONG, DIVING TACKLE-- AND THE TWO ROLL TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS---
BUT MOUSEY SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET FIRST!
NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURS! I'M GONNA STEP BACK SO'S I CAN GET A BETTER SHOT AT YA AND---
--WITHOUT WARNING, MOUSEY MEGGS HAS STEPPED ON THE THIRD RAIL!
"LIGHTNING WILL BLAST YOU DOWN IN YOUR TRACKS!"
THE FIRST CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES HAS COME TO PASS!

MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN HAS A MAN-SIZED FIGHT ON HIS HANDS, AS THE ESCAPED THUGS BATTLE DESPERATELY! SUDDENLY--A GUN CRASHES---
LIGHTS OUT FOR YOU THIS TIME, BATMAN!
A SMART GUY THAT AIN'T SO SMART, ANYMORE!
AND NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO GET OUT BEFORE THE COPS COME IN!
THIS GUY WILL KEEP.... FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!
THE BATMAN DEAD? NOT QUITE, FOR THAT BULLET HAS ONLY CREASED HIS SCALP--AND SO--MOMENTS LATER--
WOW--IT FEELS LIKE A BUILDING FELL ON ME!
ROBIN TELLS OF MOUSEY'S UNTIMELY DEATH---
SO--MOUSEY DIED JUST AS JASPER SAID HE WOULD. I WONDER IF--- BUT OF COURSE THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!
NEXT DAY.
MOUSEY DEAD! THE MYSTIC, REMEMBER?
YEAH--HOW LIGHTNING WAS GONNA GET HIM!
IT--IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE--IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYBODY-
YEAH! BUT IT DIDN'T HAPPEN TO ANYBODY--IT HAPPENED TO MOUSEY!
AW, WE'RE MAKING A LOT OF FUSS OVER NOTHIN'--AIN'T IT SO, BRAINS?
SURE--SURE WE'RE JUST LETTING THIS GO TO OUR HEADS!
MEANWHILE--BATMAN AND ROBIN SCOUR THEIR FILE FOR A POSSIBLE CLUE TO THE MISSING MURDERERS.
NOTHING HERE--NOTHING! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GET SOME MUSIC ON THE RADIO TO EASE MY ACHING BRAINS!
OKAY!
--- THE MISSING SLICK DANIELS SEEN LURKING ABOUT THE EASTERN AIRPORT!
HOLY SMOKES! HE'S OUT TRYING TO STEAL A PLANE TO GET ACROSS THE STATE-- ROLL OUT THE BATPLANE!


WE'RE OFF, ROBIN -- THE EASTERN AIRPORT!
BETTER PUT ON YOUR LIGHTS. HEAVY FOG ROLLING UP!
INSTANTS LATER, A MAMMOTH BAT SHAPE RISES SHARPLY AGAINST THE LOWERING SKY!
LOOK! I'LL BET THAT'S SLICK IN THAT PLANE!
SOME TIME AFTER--THE BATPLANES BEAM SEARCHES THE HEAVY BANKS OF BLACK FOG AND CATCHES A MAN-MADE MOTH FLUTTERING IN ITS LIGHT!
TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY! TAKE THE CONTROLS, ROBIN. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
A ROPE LADDER IS LOWERED-- AND CLINGING MONKEY-LIKE IS THE BATMAN.
THAT'S SLICK-- AND HE'S NOT PLAYING! OKAY, ROBIN!
CLEVERLY, THE BOY MANEUVERS THE BATPLANE TILL IT HOVERS ABOVE THE FUGITIVE PLANE. A DARK'S DROP INTO SPACE BY THE BATMAN--
THE BATMAN IS FORCED TO HOLD FAST AS SLICK WHIRLS AND LOOPS IN AN EFFORT TO HURL HIM FROM HIS PRECARIOUS PERCH!
EMPTY!
Whee... Yes Slick!
FIGHTING AGAINST TEARING WIND, THE BATMAN WORKS HIS WAY FORWARD SLOWLY-- SLOWLY---
HELLO SLICK! FANCY MEETING YOU WAY UP HERE!


But Slick lives up to his name! His hand snakes out--a fire extinguisher extinguishes the fiery Batman--
Wrecking the controls, and leaving the dazed Batman in the plummeting plane, Slick jumps! Far below, his parachute billows open---
But even as the helpless plane plunges downward, the Batplane matches its breathless drop--- as the Batman recovers!
The rope ladder! Grab it!
Robin! Good boy!
A leap for life!
Where's Slick?
Down below! But he's not going to get away if I can help it!
The Batplane lands---but Slick--
Look! His parachute lines have rolled on the telephone wires and are tangled 'round his neck!
If we don't cut him down in time, he'll strangle to death!
Too late!
It looks as if fate had cheated us of bringing Slick in!
"Air will be choked from your lungs!"
The second curse of the four fates has come to pass!
9

NEWS OF SLICK'S DEATH REACHES THE EARS OF A CERTAIN DUO IN A CERTAIN HOTEL ROOM---
--FOUND AS PREDICTED BY JAFFEER--STRANGLED!
SLICK TURNS YELLOW, SCREAMS, AND GETS IT IN THE NECK!
I'M AFRAID TWO OF US HAVE ALREADY DIED--JUST AS JAFFEER PREDICTED! WE'RE NEXT ON THE LIST!
NOT ME! I'D LIKE TO SEE ANY BULLET MADE THAT CAN GO THROUGH MY BULLET-PROOF VEST!
WATER IS TO CAUSE MY DOWNFALL. I SWIM LIKE A FISH BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! I'M GOING TO A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO WATER--THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT!
IT WASN'T FATE THAT GOT MOUSEY AND SLICK. IT WAS THE BATMAN KILL THE BATMAN AND YOU KILL THIS FATE---THIS HOTEL KEY--SLICK HAD ONE IN HIS POCKET! THE BATMAN WILL TRACE IT TO SLICK'S HOTEL ROOM--HMM---
CLANK
NAILS LEAVES--AND NOT TOO SOON--FOR---
SLICK'S PALS HAVE FLOWN THE COOP! PHONE---MAY BE FOR NAILS OR BRAINS--
RING!
RING
RING!
HYA, BATMAN! THIS S NAILS LOGAN. IF YOU WANT ME--COME AND FIND ME--HAW! HAW!
KKT TAT KKT KKT TAT
LOGAN SAWS HIMSELF AWAY! I HEARD THE SOUND OF RIVETING WHILE HE WAS TALKING!
RIVETING? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?
WORKMEN QUIT AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK. BUT HERE WE HAVE WORKMEN RIVETING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT---
SURE--HE MAY BE AT THAT EMERGENCY SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION JOB!
AT A DISTANT WAREHOUSE--
SO THE BULLET-PROOF VEST IS GOING TO HELP YOU! THAT DON'T SHOW YOU'RE SO TOUGH!
YEAH? ONCE I WAS IN A GANG WAR. THE PRISON DOCTOR HAD TO TAKE SOME BULLETS OUT OF MY BODY--THAT OUGHTA SHOW HOW TOUGH I AM!

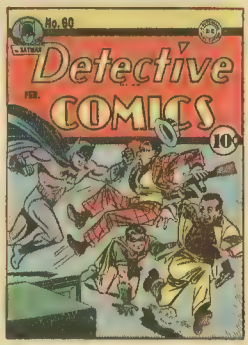
OKAY! NOW ABOUT THE BATMAN! YOU FIGURE HE HEARD THAT RIVETING AND IS ON HIS WAY HERE NOW? SAY.. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF MAKING ME STAY OUTSIDE?
SURE HE'S SMART! HELL, FIGURE IT OUT. AND THAT'S WHAT I'M FIGURIN' ON! YOU-- GRAB THAT DOORKNOB-- GO AHEAD-- GRAB IT--
YEE-EEEOW! I'M BEIN ELECTROCUTED! YEEE-EEOW!
SEE? THE BATMAN GRABS THE DOORKNOB-- ZOWEE-- ELECTRIC TV-- HE CAN'T LET GO -- I PLUG H.M. FULLA HOLES WHILE YOU TAKE CARE OF THAT K.D. ROBIN. CUTE, EH?
AT THAT MOMENT - THE SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION---
DID A TOUGH LOOKING FELLOW ASK TO USE YOUR COMMUNICATIONS PHONE?
THE BATMAN! GULP--YEAH--SAID HE HAD NO CHANGE FOR A PAY PHONE! HE WENT DOWN THAT WAY--TOWARD THAT WAREHOUSE.
MINUTES LATER A GAUNTLETED HAND REACHES OUT TO TOUCH---DEATH!--
WHO--WHAT CAN INTERVENE TO SAVE THE GREAT CRIME FIGHTER'S LIFE?
A FLY--AN ORDINARY EVERYDAY HOUSE FLY BUZZES INTO THE P.CTURE?
Z...Z...Z...Z...
JUST AS A NORMAL PERSON WOULD DO, THE BATMAN SHOOS THE FLY AWAY!
Z...Z...Z...Z...Z...
THE FLY BRUSHES AGAINST THE FATAL DOORKNOB. A SMALL SPARK AND--
Z...Z...Z...
CRACK!
DEAD! THAT SPARK!
HMM! I'M BEGINNING TO SMELL A RAT-- AND HIS NAME IS NALS LOGAN!
THE BATMAN'S KEEN EYES SEARCH OUT NEW, SLIGHT SCRATCHES ON THE OLD, RUST-COVERED DOORKOB!

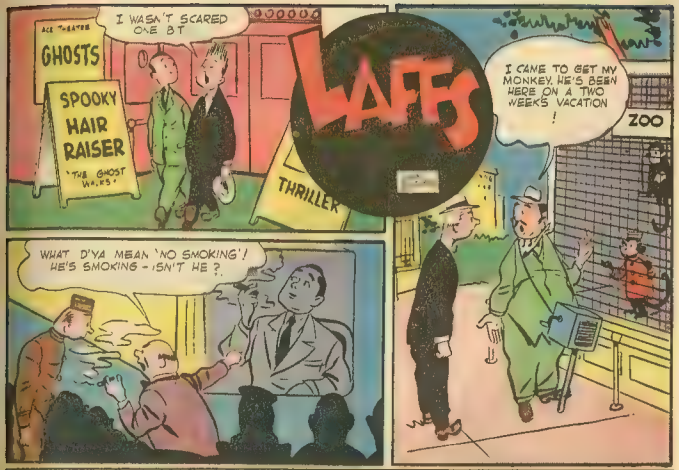
SNATCHING UP A HUGE, STEEL BAR THE BATMAN HURLS IT AT THE CHARGED KNOB---
THE KNOB SHORT-CIRCUITED, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN SMASH IN ON NAILS LOGAN!
REALLY, NAILS, YOU NEEDN'T HAVE GONE TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO GIVE ME A SPARKLING RECEPTION!
UGH!
OUCH! MY FIST! WHAT ARE YOU WEARING--- ARMOR FOR UNDERWEAR?
NAILS DROPS LIKE A STONE!
AAAAGH!
LATER -- THE PRISON HOSPITAL--
THIS MAN IS DEAD! HE'S BEEN SHOT!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I ONLY HIT HIM OVER THE HEART!
WHEN I REMOVED THE BULLETS NAILS RECEIVED IN A GANG WAR LONG AGO--I HAD TO LEAVE ONE NEAR HIS HEART! TO REMOVE IT MEANT HIS DEATH! WHEN YOU HIT HIM OVER THE CHEST, YOU DROVE THAT BULLET TO THE HEART!
METAL WILL STILL YOUR BEATING HEART!
The THIRD CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES HAS COME TO PASS!
BATMAN-- JUST GOT A CALL THAT A MAN LOOKING LIKE BRAINS BONDS BOUGHT A DONKEY AND SUPPLIES NEAR THE ARIZONA DESERT!
WHAT?--- THE FOOL--- ROBIN-- THE BATPLANE-- WE'VE GOT TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!
THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT!
HA! HA! I'LL BEAT FATE! SO WATER IS TO BE MY DOWNFALL, IS IT? I WON'T DROWN IN THE DESERT! HA! HA!

MEANWHILE, A SLEEK, BAT-SHAPED PLANE STREAKS THROUGH THE SKY IN A RACE AGAINST FATE!
I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!
TIME TICKS BY! AND TO QUENCH HIS THIRST FROM RAVAGES OF THE MOLTEN SUN, BRAINS RAISES HIS CANTEEN...
EMPTY! NO WATER! I FORGOT TO FILL IT WITH WATER!
SUN...BLAZING HOT...MUST KEEP GOING...GOT TO BEAT FATE... CAN'T STOP NOW!
HEE...HEE... I'LL BEAT FATE YET...WATER WON'T BE MY DOWNFALL-- HEE...HEE... I WON'T DROWN-- A MAN CAN'T DROWN--
N THE DESERT-- I... BEAT FATE YET... AAAAAHH!
ROBIN--LOOK!
WATER CAUSED BRAIN'S DEATH, AFTER ALL. BUT NOT THE WAY HE EXPECTED-- IT WAS LACK OF WATER THAT GOT BRAINS BRAIN!
"WATER WILL BE YOUR DOWNFALL"
THE FINAL CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES HAS COME TO PASS!
THE FOUR OF THEM-- DEAD-- JUST AS JAFFEER PREDICTED! I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!
MAYBE IT'S JUST SOMETHING WE CAN'T EXPLAIN-- A MYSTERY EVEN WE COULDN'T SOLVE!

SO YOU WANT MORE?

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF **BATMAN and ROBIN** JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE SMASHING EXPLOITS OF **THE WINNING TEAM!**




ACE THEATRE
GHOSTS
SPOOKY HAIR RAISER
"THE GHOST WALKS"
I WASN'T SCARED ONE BIT
THRILLER
LAFFS
I CAME TO GET MY MONKEY. HE'S BEEN HERE ON A TWO WEEK'S VACATION !
ZOO
WHAT D'YA MEAN 'NO SMOKING'! HE'S SMOKING - ISN'T HE ?

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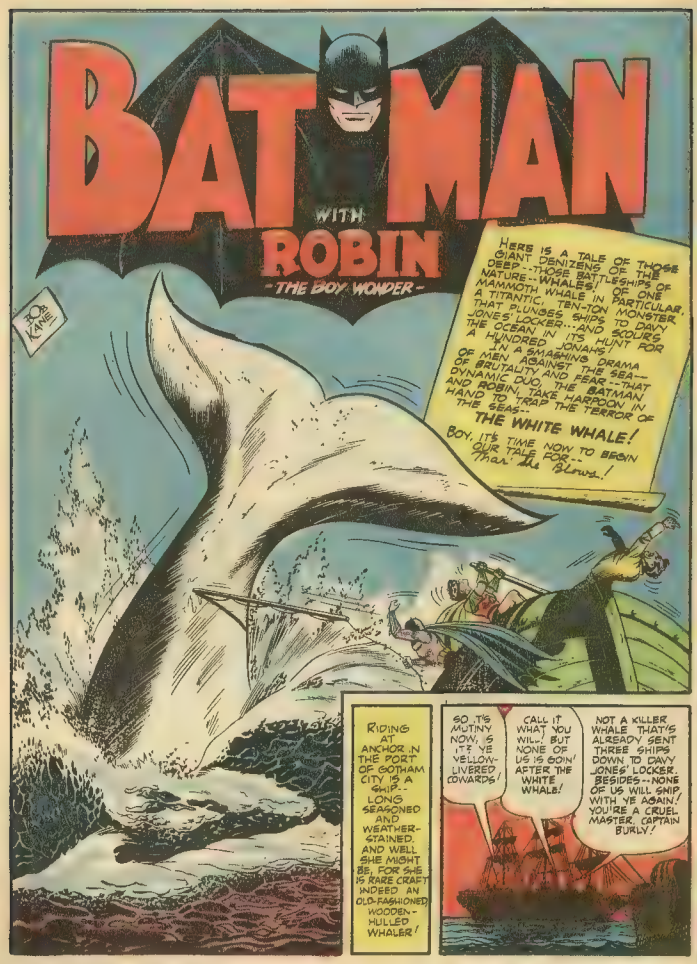
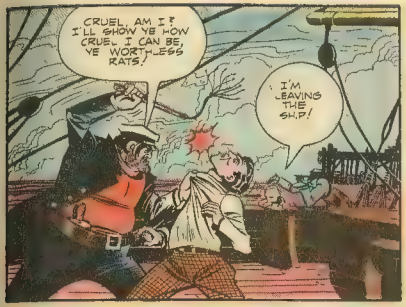
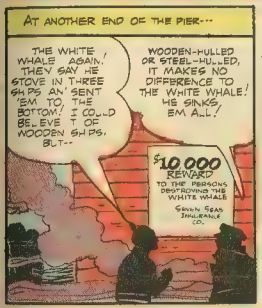
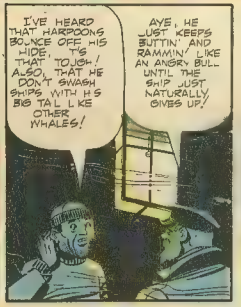

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
BOB KANE
HERE IS A TALE OF THOSE GIANT DENIZENS OF THE DEEP--THOSE BATTLESHIPS OF NATURE--WHALES! OF ONE MAMMOTH WHALE IN PARTICULAR, A TITANTIC, TEN-TON MONSTER THAT PLUNGES SHIPS TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER--AND SCOURS THE OCEAN IN ITS HUNT FOR A HUNDRED JONAHS! IN A SMASHING DRAMA OF MEN AGAINST THE SEA--OF BRUTALITY AND FEAR--THAT DYNAMIC DUO, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, TAKE HARPOON IN HAND TO TRAP THE TERROR OF THE SEAS--
THE WHITE WHALE!
BOY, IT'S TIME NOW TO BEGIN OUR TALE FOR--
Thar' She Blows!
RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE PORT OF GOTHAM CITY IS A SHIP. LONG SEASONED AND WEATHER-STAINED. AND WELL SHE MIGHT BE, FOR SHE IS RARE CRAFT INDEED AN OLD-FASHIONED, WOODEN-HULLED WHALER!
SO, IT'S MUTINY NOW, IS IT? YE YELLOW-LIVERED COWARDS!
CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL--BUT NONE OF US IS GOIN' AFTER THE WHITE WHALE!
NOT A KILLER WHALE THAT'S ALREADY SENT THREE SHIPS DOWN TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER. BESIDES--NONE OF US WILL SAIL WITH YE AGAIN! YOU'RE A CRUEL MASTER, CAPTAIN BURLY!


CRUEL, AM I? I'LL SHOW YE HOW CRUEL I CAN BE, YE WORTHLESS RATS!
I'M LEAVING THE SHIP!

YE SWINE! COME BACK, D'YE HEAR ME? IF I COULD BUT LAY ME HANDS ON YE, I'D FLAY THE SKIN FROM YOUR BACKS!

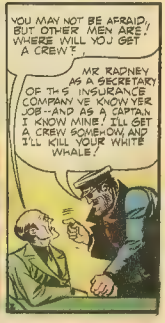

AT ANOTHER END OF THE PIER--
THE WHITE WHALE AGAIN! THEY SAY HE STOVE IN THREE SHIPS AN' SENT 'EM TO THE BOTTOM! I COULD BE..EVE T OF WOODEN SHIPS, BUT--
WOODEN-HULLED OR STEEL-HULLED, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO THE WHITE WHALE! HE SINKS 'EM ALL!
$10,000 REWARD TO THE PERSONS DESTROYING THE WHITE WHALE
SEVEN SEAS INSURANCE CO.


I'VE HEARD THAT HARPOONS BOUNCE OFF HIS HIDE, 'TIS THAT TOUGH! ALSO, THAT HE DON'T SWASH SHIPS WITH HIS BIG TAIL LIKE OTHER WHALES!
AYE, HE JUST KEEPS BUTTIN' AND RAMMIN' LIKE AN ANGRY BULL UNTIL THE SHIP JUST NATURALLY GIVES UP!

TO SEE THAT GIANT MOUNTAIN OF FLESH, BEARING DOWN ON YE--'TIS TERRIBLE. THE WHITE WHALE MUST BE SOME ACCURSED SEA DEVIL!

THE OFFICE OF THE SEVEN SEAS INSURANCE CO.
GENTLEMEN, WE FACE A SERIOUS SITUATION-- THREE SHIPS HAVE BEEN SUNK AND WE HAVE HAD TO PAY HEAVILY BECAUSE THEY WERE INSURED BY OUR COMPANY! ALL THIS, BECAUSE OF A WHALE!
WELL-- WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

CAPTAIN BURLY'S YOUR ANSWER! DOUBLE YOUR REWARD FOR THAT WHALE AND I'LL BRING HIM BACK! I'M AFRAID OF NO MAN OR BEAST!

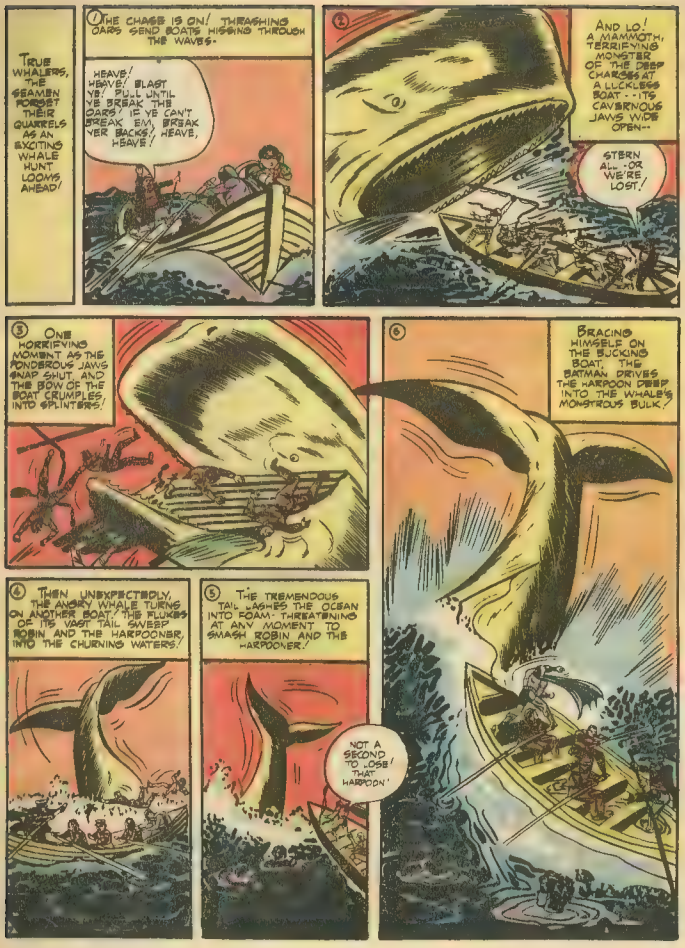

YOU MAY NOT BE AFRAID, BUT OTHER MEN ARE! WHERE WILL YOU GET A CREW?
MR RADNEY AS A SECRETARY OF THIS INSURANCE COMPANY YE KNOW YER JOB--AND AS A CAPTAIN I KNOW MINE! I'LL GET A CREW SOMEHOW AND I'LL KILL YOUR WHITE WHALE!

AFTER THE CAPTAIN LEAVES---
MR. WAYNE, YOU'RE A STOCKHOLDER IN THIS COMPANY-- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CAPTAIN BURLY?
WE.... HE SEEMS DETERMINED.
---TOO DETERMINED, DICK! PUT ON THESE CLOTHES. WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THE ACTIVITIES OF THE NOTORIOUS CAPTAIN BURLY!
AT HIS HOME, BRUCE WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON.
NIGHT! TWO SHADOWS MOVE THROUGH THE STILL, DEEPER SHADOWS OF THE BROODING WATERFRONT-
YOU STAY HERE! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MAY HAPPEN NOW, SO JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD, OKAY?
RIGHT, BRUCE-- BUT BE CAREFUL!
WARILY, BRUCE SCOUTS AMONG THE GLOOM-MANTLED DOCK WHEN--
GOT A MATCH, BUD?
I GUESS SO-- SURE!
SUDDENLY---
WHS THE LAST ONE! DUMP HIM IN WITH THE OTHERS!
RIGHT, CAPN! WE'LL CAST OFF AT ONCE!
MOMENTS LATER, A SLIM FIGURE CLIMBS SOUNDLESSLY TO THE DECK OF THE OLD WHALER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER--- SAILING WITH THE TIDE HER SAILS BELYING OUT BRAVELY, THE WHALER FALLS AWAY FROM THE WHARF, BOUND FOR THE HIGH SEAS-- AND INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE!

LATER-- IN THE HOLD----
SOMEBODY STOP THAT FLOOR FROM SPINNING AROUND!! OOOHHH! D'CK! WHERE ARE WE?
ON THE WHALER, BROTHER-- YOU'VE BEEN SHANGHAI'ED!
SHANGHAIED-- SO THIS IS HOW CAPTAIN BURLY COLLECTED HIS CREW! OH! OH, SOMEONE'S REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS!
BETTER IF I'M A SORT OF SECRET 'ROUND HERE! I'LL HIDE IN THAT EMPTY OIL BARREL!
MORNING-- AND THE MOTLEY CREW IS ASSEMBLED ON DECK--TO FACE CAPTAIN BURLY!
STOP YER SNIVLIN'-- ALL OF YE! I'M THE MASTER HERE! LIKE IT OR NOT YER THE CREW OF MY SHIP--AN' WE'RE GOING AFTER THE WHITE WHALE!
WOTS TH' IDEA O' SHANGHAIING US CAP'N?
PLEASE TAKE ME BACK HOME! I'LL LOSE MY JOB!
I'M NOT-- UGH!
UGH!
EASY LAD! HE'S A BAD MAN!
BRASS KNUCKLES! THE ROTTEN--
I'LL SOON TEACH YE THAT MY WORD IS LAW ABOARD THIS CRAFT!
USING THE NAME, "JACK TAR", BRUCE ASSUMES THE ROLE OF A SEAMAN WHILE DICK STOWS AWAY IN THE HOLD.
UP YE GO, YE LANDLUBBER-- LIVELY NOW OR I'LL TAKE A CLUB TO YE!
THEN ---ONE NIGHT---
THAT MAN IS WORKING US TO DEATH! HE'S A TYRANT! I THINK IT'S TIME THE BATMAN PUT IN HIS APPEARANCE!
AND DON'T FORGET ROBIN, BUT HOW CAN YOU DO IT WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION UPON "JACK TAR"?
THE NEXT MORNING---
MAN OVERBOARD! IT'S JACK TAR! MAN OVERBOARD!

SOMETIME LATER---
THAT JACK TAR SURE SINK LIKE A LOG!
NOT A TRACE OF HIM! SHALL WE SEARCH SOME MORE, CAPN'?
WE'RE SEARCHIN' FOR WHALES, NOT POR MEN--WE'RE SETTIN' FULL SAIL AHEAD!
BUT DOWN IN THE HOLD, "JACK TAR" IS VERY MUCH ALIVE.
NICE STUNT, THAT--THROWING A RIGGED-UP DUMMY OVERBOARD!
SAY--SOMETHING'S UP!
I'LL TEACH 'EM TO SPLASH WATER OVER MY FEET---
SPREAD-EAGLED! AND HE'S GOING TO LACE INTO HIM WITH THE CAT O' NINE TAILS!
THINK SO? I DON'T! INTO YOUR WORK CLOTHES, BOY!
A QUICK DISCARD OF OUTER CLOTHING--AND TWO CAPED FIGURES CHARGE TO THE DECK-
I'LL TAKE THIS--AND YOU TAKE THIS!
THAT'S THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
WH-AT? ON MY SHIP? THEY MUST HAVE STOWED AWAY! I'LL SHOW 'EM HOW I TREAT SNOOPERS!
HOW RE YOU DOING, ROBIN?
I'M GETTING ALONG!
UH--UH! ATTACK FROM THE REAR--HAVE TO STOP IT--

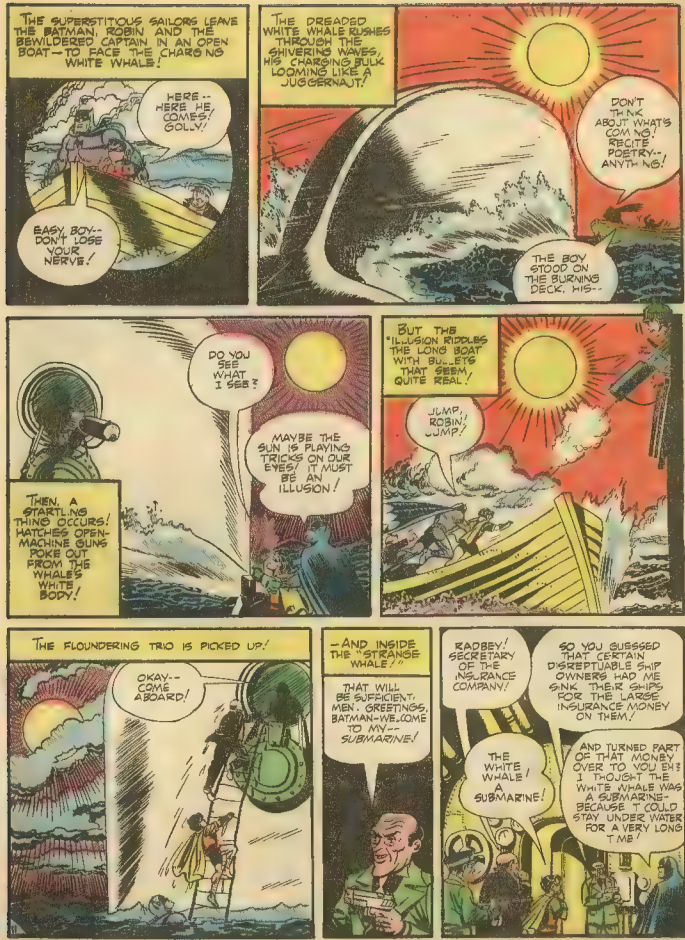
BUT EAGER ROBIN HAS NO EYES FOR THE SOAP UNDERFOOT, AND---
SOAP
GLU--MMM..
AND THE BATTLE CONTINUES--
MISTER, YOU LOOK RATHER PAL./
OW-- WHAT A BAD PUN! ROBIN, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU!
THEN ALL FREEZE STOCK-STILL AS A LOUD CRY IS HEARD---
THAR SHE BLOWS! A WHALE.. A WHALE!
IN THE DISTANCE, A TWIN CRESTED SPOUT OF VAPOR RISES INTO THE AIR, INDICATING A BLOWING WHALE!
INTO THE BOAT WITH YE! YOU'RE GOIN' AWHALIN THIS DAY! WE'LL SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES LATER!

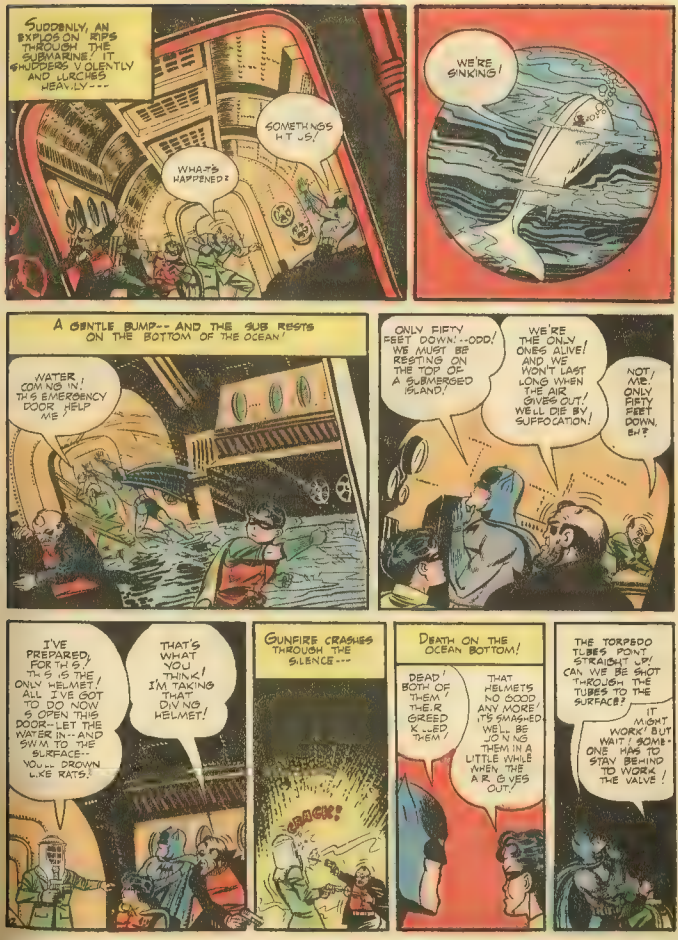

TRUE WHALERS, THE SEAMEN FORGET THEIR QUARRELS AS AN EXCITING WHALE HUNT LOOMS AHEAD!
1 THE CHASE IS ON! THRASHING OARS SEND BOATS HISSING THROUGH THE WAVES.
HEAVE! HEAVE! BLAST YE! PULL UNTIL YE BREAK THE OARS! IF YE CAN'T BREAK 'EM, BREAK YER BACKS! HEAVE, HEAVE!
2
AND LO! A MAMMOTH, TERRIFYING MONSTER OF THE DEEP CHARGES AT A LUCKLESS BOAT - ITS CAVERNOUS JAWS WIDE OPEN--
STERN ALL--OR WE'RE LOST!
3 ONE HORRIFYING MOMENT AS THE PONDEROUS JAWS SNAP SHUT AND THE BOW OF THE BOAT CRUMPLES INTO SPLINTERS!
4 THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, THE ANGRY WHALE TURNS ON ANOTHER BOAT. THE FLUKES OF ITS VAST TAIL SWEEP ROBIN AND THE HARPOONER INTO THE CHURNING WATERS!
5 THE TREMENDOUS TAIL LASHES THE OCEAN INTO FOAM - THREATENING AT ANY MOMENT TO SMASH ROBIN AND THE HARPOONER!
NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! THAT HARPOON!
6
BRACING HIMSELF ON THE BUCKING BOAT, THE BATMAN DRIVES THE HARPOON DEEP INTO THE WHALE'S MONSTROUS BULK!

LANCE IN HAND, THE BATMAN JUMPS FEARLESSLY TO THE VAST GLISTENING BACK OF THE LEAPING WHALE!
THE LANCE FLASHES IN THE SUN FOR AN INSTANT AND THEN HISSES DOWN LIKE A STREAK OF WHITE FLAME!
AND PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE SEA BEAST WHO STARTS TO ROLL OVER ON ITS SIDE!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW... WHEW!
THE BATMAN'S FIRST THOUGHT IS OF HIS PAL, ROBIN--
GOLLY! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER FOR SURE THAT TIME!
YOU GAVE ME AN AWFUL SCARE--YOU... YOU LITTLE DEVIL!
CUT OUT THE SENTIMENTAL ACT YOU TWO--OR YOU'LL HAVE ME IN TEARS IN A MINUTE! GET TO WORK WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!
THE HUGE WHALE IS THEN TIRELESSLY TOWED BACK TO THE VESSEL---
HEAVE! HEAVE! YOU SWINE - OR I'LL FLAY THE SKIN FROM YOUR BACKS! HEAVE!
THE CUTTING-IN BEGINS! WITH LONG SPADES THE SEAMEN PEEL OFF THE THICK BLANKET OF BLUBBER AND HOIST IT TO THE DECK WHERE IT IS "MINCED" OR SLICED INTO SMALL PIECES--
--AND THEN DUMPED INTO HUGE TRYPOTS, WHERE THE OIL IS BOILED FROM THE BLUBBER!

IT IS LONG, HARD LABOR AND AT THE END OF THE TIRING DAY, THE MEN DROP TO THE DECK EXHAUSTED.
UP! UP YE LAZY SWINE!
HEY!
WHY, YOU--
BUT BURLY IS WAITING. HIS HUGE FIST SMASHES INTO BATMAN'S FACE!
I BIN WAITIN' PER THIS!
I SEE--WORKED ME 'TILL I'M TOO TIRED TO STAND--AND THEN GOADED ME INTO A FIGHT! CRAFTY SORT OF DEVIL, AREN'T YOU!
ME BRAGS KNUCKLES ON--NOW TO GIVE YE THE WORST BEATIN' YOU EVER GOT!
UGH!
EASY DOES IT, PAL!
I KILLED A MAN PER DOING LESS THAN THAT TO ME! YOU--
I'LL BASH YOUR HEAD IN FOR YOU!
C'MON, BATMAN--LET HIM HAVE IT!
DESPERATE, THE WEAKENED BATMAN TRIES AN OLD STUNT!

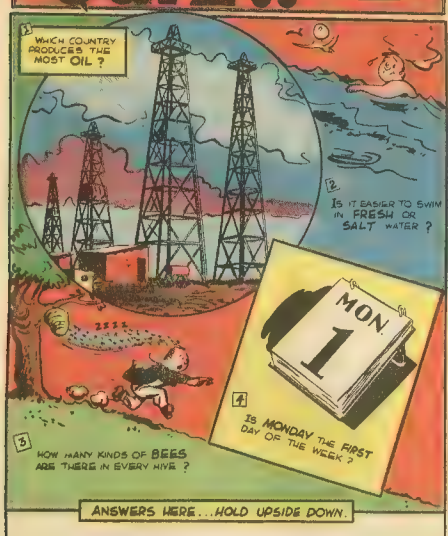
COMING TOGETHER AGAIN LIKE SAVAGE BEASTS, THE TWO FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL!
I'LL CHOKE THE LIVING BREATH FROM YOUR BODY!
WITH A SURGE OF SUDDEN STRENGTH, THE BATMAN RIPS HIMSELF LOOSE, HE CLAMPS HIS FINGERS INTO A BALLED FIST AND--
--TEARS INTO THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN WITH WILD FURY! RIGHT AND A LEFT--ANOTHER LEFT--AND THEN A FINAL TERRIBLE RIGHT-- AND IT'S ALL OVER!
SUDDENLY, ALL ARE THROWN TO THEIR FEET AS THE SHIP REELS UNDER A VIBRATING SHOCK.
CRASH
IT'S HIM-- THE WHITE WHALE!
WE'RE DOOMED
AHHHH!
HEAVING UP OUT OF THE SEA IS A COLOSSAL MOUNTAIN--LIVID, GHASTLY WHITE--A WHALE OF ALL WHALES-- THE WHITE WHALE!
W-WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO!
HE'S GOING TO CHARGE US AGAIN WE'VE GOT TO DIVERT HIS ATTENTION, SOMEHOW!
I GOT IT--THE CAPTAIN --LET'S SHOVE HIM IN A BOAT AND WHILE THE WHALE GOES FOR HIM WE'LL STEER AWAY FROM HERE FAST!
BUT IT'S COLD-BLOODED MURDER!
MAYBE YOU AIN'T ANXIOUS TO GET RID O' THE CAPTAIN, BUT WE ARE!
PUT THE BATMAN AND THAT KID IN THE BOAT TOO! WE CAN'T LET THEM LIVE TO REPORT THIS MUTINY!


THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAILORS LEAVE THE BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE BEWILDERED CAPTAIN IN AN OPEN BOAT—TO FACE THE CHARGING WHITE WHALE!
HERE-- HERE HE COMES! GOLLY!
EASY, BOY-- DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE!
THE DREADED WHITE WHALE RUSHES THROUGH THE SHIVERING WAVES, HIS CHARGING BULK LOOMING LIKE A JUGGERNAUT!
DON'T THINK ABOUT WHAT'S COMING! RECITE POETRY-- ANYTHING!
THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK, HIS--
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
MAYBE THE SUN IS PLAYING TRICKS ON OUR EYES! IT MUST BE AN ILLUSION!
THEN, A STARTLING THING OCCURS! HATCHES OPEN-MACHINE GUNS POKE OUT FROM THE WHALE'S WHITE BODY!
BUT THE "ILLUSION RIDDLES THE LONG BOAT WITH BULLETS THAT SEEM QUITE REAL!
JUMP, ROBIN! JUMP!
THE FLOUNDERING TRIO IS PICKED UP!
OKAY-- COME ABOARD!
—AND INSIDE THE "STRANGE WHALE!"
THAT WILL BE SUFFICIENT, MEN. GREETINGS, BATMAN—WELCOME TO MY-- SUBMARINE!
RADBEY! SECRETARY OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY!
SO YOU GUESSED THAT CERTAIN DISREPUTABLE SHIP OWNERS HAD ME SINK THEIR SHIPS FOR THE LARGE INSURANCE MONEY ON THEM!
THE WHITE WHALE! A SUBMARINE!
AND TURNED PART OF THAT MONEY OVER TO YOU EH? I THOUGHT THE WHITE WHALE WAS A SUBMARINE! BECAUSE IT COULD STAY UNDER WATER FOR A VERY LONG TIME!


SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE SUBMARINE! IT SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY AND LURCHES HEAVILY---
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
SOMETHING HIT US!
WE'RE SINKING!
A GENTLE BUMP-- AND THE SUB RESTS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!
WATER COMING IN! THIS EMERGENCY DOOR... HELP ME!
ONLY FIFTY FEET DOWN!--ODD! WE MUST BE RESTING ON THE TOP OF A SUBMERGED ISLAND!
WE'RE THE ONLY ONES ALIVE! AND WE WON'T LAST LONG WHEN THE AIR GIVES OUT! WE'LL DIE BY SUFFOCATION!
NOT ME! ONLY FIFTY FEET DOWN, EH?
I'VE PREPARED FOR THIS! THIS IS THE ONLY HELMET! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS OPEN THIS DOOR--LET THE WATER IN--AND SWIM TO THE SURFACE-- YOU... DROWN LIKE RATS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'M TAKING THAT DIVING HELMET!
GUNFIRE CRASHES THROUGH THE SILENCE---
CRACK!
DEATH ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM!
DEAD! BOTH OF THEM! THEIR GREED KILLED THEM!
THAT HELMETS NO GOOD ANY MORE! IT'S SMASHED! WELL, BE JOINING THEM IN A LITTLE WHILE WHEN THE AIR GIVES OUT!
THE TORPEDO TUBES DON'T STRAIGHT UP! CAN WE BE SHOT THROUGH THE TUBES TO THE SURFACE?
IT MIGHT WORK! BUT WAIT! SOMEONE HAS TO STAY BEHIND TO WORK THE VALVE!

NO YOU DON'T! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES, YOU WANT TO SHOOT ME TO THE SURFACE WHILE YOU STAY BEHIND ...SH!
SORRY, PA..!
WORKING SWIFTLY, BATMAN PLACES ROBIN INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE!
THE BATMAN JERKS THE LEVER DOWN! A SWISH--AND COMPRESSED AIR SHOOTS ROBIN UP TO THE SURFACE!
DOWN BELOW THE BATMAN OPENS THE HATCH DOOR! WATER FLOODS THE ROOM!--THE BATMAN TAKES ONE DEEP BREATH AND SWIMS THROUGH THE DOORWAY!
ONE GOOD BREATH OR AIR--NEVER CAN TELL--IT MAY BE MY LAST! HERE GOES NOTHIN'!
THE LONG FIGHT UPWARD BEGINS!
AND ON THE SURFACE ROBIN WAITS ANXIOUSLY!
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP ONE MIN AGO.. HE'S GOT TO MAKE IT!
SUDDENLY, A COWLED HEAD BREAKS THE SURFACE--
BATMAN! BATMAN! YOU MADE IT!
AIR--SWEET FRESH AIR--HI, ROBIN! SURPRISED TO SEE ME?
MINUTES LATER, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE PICKED UP BY A COAST GUARD CUTTER--
SO IT WAS YOU WHO FIRED THAT SHOT THAT SUNK THE "WHITE WHALE" OR RATHER--THE SUBMARINE!
YES! WE THOUGHT WE BLASTED THE "WHITE WHALE" OUT OF THE WATERS SINCE IT HAD BEEN ENDANGERING SHIPPING--HAD NO IDEA IT WAS A SUB!
THE MENACE OF THE "WHITE WHALE" IS GONE, AND THAT'S WHAT MATTERS! SORT OF A WHALE OF A STORY, WASN'T IT?
BOB KANE

QUIZ..


WHICH COUNTRY PRODUCES THE MOST OIL ?
IS IT EASIER TO SWIM IN FRESH OR SALT WATER ?
MON 1
IS MONDAY THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK ?
HOW MANY KINDS OF BEES ARE THERE IN EVERY HIVE ?
ZZZZ
1
2
3
4

ANSWERS HERE...HOLD UPSIDE DOWN.

1. U.S.A. 2. SALT WATER 3. THREE QUEEN WORKER, DRONE 4. NO...IT IS SUNDAY

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STATEMENT of the OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, etc., Required by the ACT OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933 of Batman Magazine, published bimonthly at New York, N. Y., for October, 1941

State of New York County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Batman Magazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3 1933 embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher Ibertire Comics, Inc. 480 Lexington Ave., New York City. Editor W. F. Ellsworth 480 Lexington Ave., New York City. Managing Editor none Business Manager J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York City

2 That the owner is. (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

Detective Comics, Inc. 480 Lexington Avenue New York City, Harry Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City, P. H. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City

3 That the little known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1941
(Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe (My commission expires March 30, 1942)

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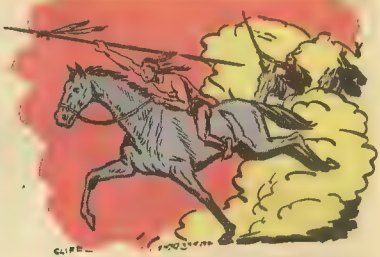


War Paint, An Indian Pony.
By Paul Brown

Life was wild and cruel on the great Western prairies where the young colt, War Paint, grazed in his mother's protecting shadow. There were always fierce and hungry killers waiting to feast on young horses—wolves hunting in packs, pumas lurking in the tall grass, silent, ready to pounce on their prey.

War Paint had to fight for his life in many a bloody battle with the killers. Greatest of all was his fight to the death with a rival stallion, to prove himself leader of his band. But his roaming days were soon over, for the crafty Indian brave, Grey Eagle, was waiting to capture this fine pony to be his own war horse. Now War Paint must learn to serve a master. And when the fierce and war-like Comanche Indians went on the warpath, War Paint carried his master through many bloody and terrible struggles to final triumph over his enemies.

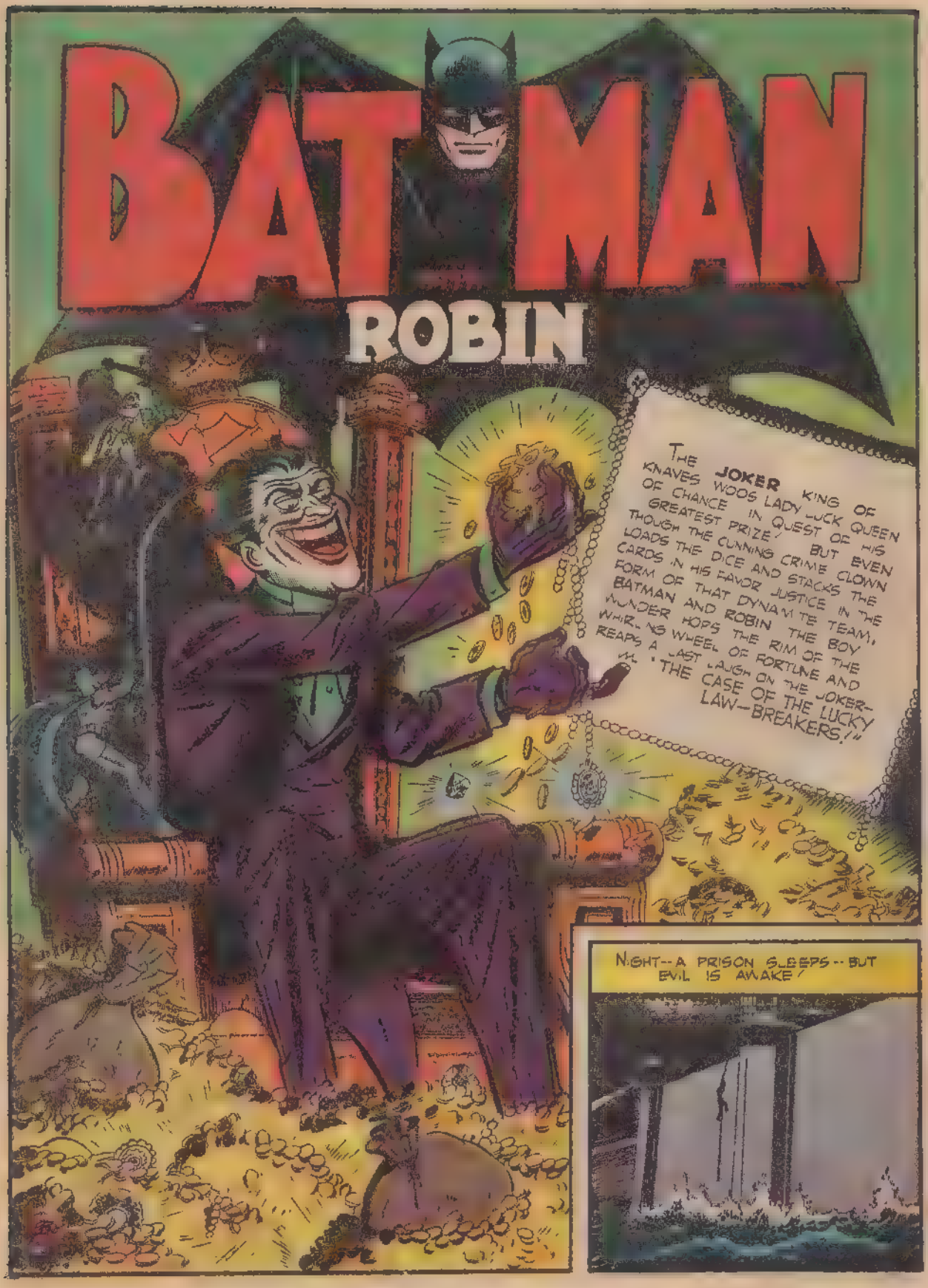
If you like pictures of horses in action you will find them on every page of this book.

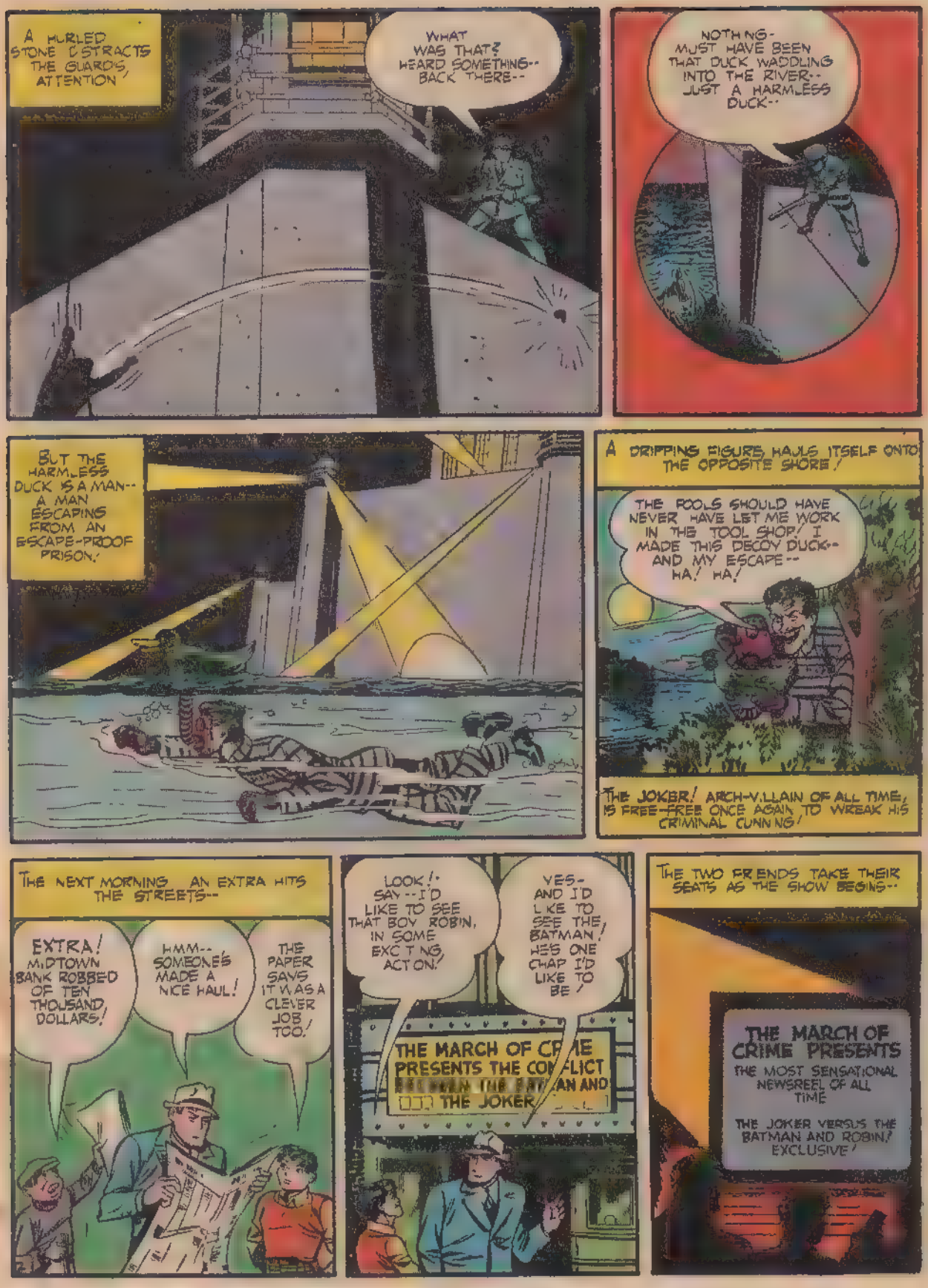
Ask your local librarian for "War Paint, An Indian Pony."

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE
(Code Mars No. 3)

PZELLI TLOH ZXK YB CRK FC VLR QOV.

ROLLIN STONE
GOSH' I'VE WORN OUT MORE SHOE LEATHER LOOKIN FOR A JOB - BUT NO LUCK'
M-M M — A HORSESHOE! MAYBE THAT WILL BRING ME LUCK!
HEY - YOUNG FELLOW DO YOU WANT A JOB?
H M M THAT HORSESHOE WAS A FAST WORKER
YESS R - I'VE HAD PLENTY EXPERIENCE IN TH' SHOE BUSINESS.
WELL THAT'S FINE - I HAVE TO HAVE SOME ONE TO HELP ME - I HAVE TO GO TO THE DOCTORS - IT'S MY BLOOD PRESSURE
OKAY - NOW DONT WORRY, MR HEEL - I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT, MY BOY I'LL SEE YOU LATER
YESS R - THAT'S A VERY NICE PT, YOUNG MAN - WRAP 'EM UP'
O.K. NOW, HOW BOUT SHINING UP YOUR OLD ONES - MAKE 'EM JUST LIKE NEW'
SAY' WHATS GOIN' ON HERE?
BETTER WATCH THAT BLOOD PRESSURE — MR. HEEL
POP
POP
POP
POP
ER- WHY-ER- IT'S JUST A LITTLE SIDE LINE O MINE - I COULDN'T LIVE ON TH' DOUGH YOU PAY ME'
POP
POP
WELL, TAKE YO' LITTLE SIDE LINE OUTSIDE!
O.K IF THATS TH' WAY YA FEEL ABOUT IT'
GIVE ME TH POLICE
UNFAIR - DO NOT PATRONIZE THIS STORE
I'LL SHINE 'EM UP GOOD AS NEW


BAT MAN
ROBIN
THE JOKER KING OF KNAVES WOOS LADY LUCK QUEEN OF CHANCE IN QUEST OF HIS GREATEST PRIZE! BUT EVEN THOUGH THE CUNNING CRIME CLOWN LOADS THE DICE AND STACKS THE CARDS IN HIS FAVOR JUSTICE IN THE FORM OF THAT DYNAMITE TEAM, BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER HOPS THE RIM OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL OF FORTUNE AND REAPS A LAST LAUGH ON THE JOKER— IN "THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LAW—BREAKERS!"
NIGHT—A PRISON SLEEPS—BUT EVIL IS AWAKE!


A HURLED STONE DISTRACTS THE GUARD'S ATTENTION
WHAT WAS THAT? HEARD SOMETHING-- BACK THERE--
NOTHING- MUST HAVE BEEN THAT DUCK WADDLING INTO THE RIVER-- JUST A HARMLESS DUCK--
BUT THE HARMLESS DUCK IS A MAN-- A MAN ESCAPING FROM AN ESCAPE-PROOF PRISON!
A DRIPPING FIGURE HAULS ITSELF ONTO THE OPPOSITE SHORE!
THE FOOLS SHOULD HAVE NEVER HAVE LET ME WORK IN THE TOOL SHOP! I MADE THIS DECOY DUCK-- AND MY ESCAPE-- HA! HA!
THE JOKER! ARCH-VILLAIN OF ALL TIME, IS FREE--FREE ONCE AGAIN TO WREAK HIS CRIMINAL CUNNING!
THE NEXT MORNING AN EXTRA HITS THE STREETS--
EXTRA! MIDTOWN BANK ROBBED OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
HMM-- SOMEONE'S MADE A NICE HAUL!
THE PAPER SAYS IT WAS A CLEVER JOB TOO!
LOOK!- SAY--I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT BOY ROBIN, IN SOME EXCITING ACTION!
YES- AND I'D LIKE TO SEE THE BATMAN! HE'S ONE CHAP I'D LIKE TO BE!
THE MARCH OF CRIME PRESENTS THE CONFLICT
THE JOKER
THE TWO FRIENDS TAKE THEIR SEATS AS THE SHOW BEGINS--
THE MARCH OF CRIME PRESENTS
THE MOST SENSATIONAL NEWSREEL OF ALL TIME
THE JOKER VERSUS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! EXCLUSIVE!

"HERE IS A STORY TAKEN FROM THE PAGES OF
"HERE WE SEE THE JOKER AFTER HE ACTUALLY STUMBLED HIMSELF IN A SCUFFLE WITH THE BATMAN. HE LIVED TO PLOT MORE VILLAINY!"

"AT GREAT RISK OF LIFE A NEWSREEL MAN SHOT THIS SCENE ATOP A SPEEDING TRAIN!"
"AN AMATEUR CAMERAMEN SECURED THIS EXCITING PICTURE OF THE JOKER IN ACTION"

"BUT THE TRAIL OF CRIME ALWAYS LEADS TO PRISON AS THE JOKER HAS TO END UP"
"OUR THANKS GO TO THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FOR THE FINAL CAPTURE OF A MASTER CRIMINAL"
STATE PRI...
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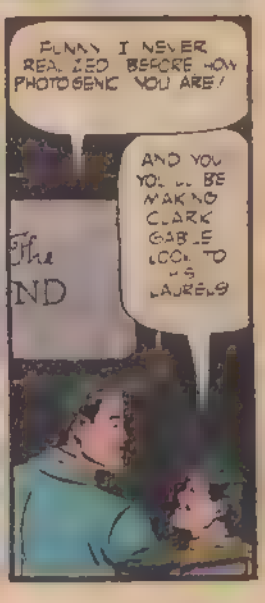

FUNNY I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE HOW PHOTOGENIC YOU ARE!
AND YOU YOU'LL BE MAKING CLARK GABLE LOOK TO HIS LAURELS
The END

SUDDENLY, THE HOUSE LIGHTS FLASH ON--
TODAY, AS A SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY OCCASION, WE ARE GIVING AWAY $10,000 TO THE LUCKY WINNERS OF WIN-O! ALL RIGHT, SPIN THE WHEEL!
$10,000, WOW!
ME TOO!
WIN-O!
AW! I NEVER W.N.!
TWO MEN SWAGGER TO THE STAGE!
START COUNTIN' OUT THE DOUGH, MISTER!
YEAH! I GOT AN ITCHY PALM!
TRASSER TOM AND NICK BACY!
JUST RELEASED FROM PRISON! ODD THAT THE TWO OF THEM SHOULD WIN $10,000 BETWEEN THEM!
ER--W-WOULD YOU CARE TO--TELL THE AUDIENCE YOUR REACTION UPON WINNING THIS GREAT S.W.?
THIS FIVE GRAND IS THE FIRST HONEST DOUGH I MADE IN A LONG TIME!
ME TOO-- AND I HOPE THE COPPERS REMEMBER THAT!
SUDDENLY, A MAN RACES TO THE STAGE, SHOUTS A DRAMATIC NEWS-FLASH!
THE JOKER HAS ESCAPED! FOUND A DUMMY IN HIS CELL THIS MORNING .....
THE JOKER, FREE!
SCANT MOMENTS LATER--IN THE WAYNE HOME--
OH-BOY! ACTION AT LAST! JOKER, HERE WE COME!
NOT SO FAST! FIRST I WANT TO FIND OUT WHETHER IT WAS REALLY LUCK THAT THOSE TWO CROOKS WON $10,000!
LATER---
NO--I TELL YOU--I DIDN'T CALL THE POLICE-- --NO--- AGGH!
SORRY-- BUT IT SEEMS YOUR TONGUE WAGGLES A BIT TOO MUCH!
THE JOKER!
BATMAN AND ROBIN! WELL--I'M NOT SURPRISED. IT WAS NEVITABLE THAT OUR PATHS CROSS AGAIN!

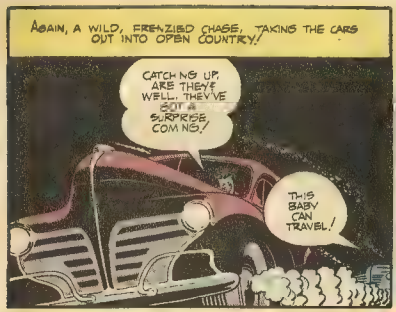
A SLASHING KICK DISPOSES OF THE DEADLY BLOW GUN!
OW!
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY THAT GRINNING DEATH OF YOURS! GET HIM, ROBIN!
YOU FORGET YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE JOKER!
ON THE CONTRARY, I'M VERY MUCH AWARE OF IT YOU GRINNING DEVIL!
A POWERFUL BLOW SENDS THE JOKER SPINNING THROUGH THE DOOR---
LAUGH YOURSELF OUT OF THIS YOU HYENA!
ONCE OUTSIDE, THE CUNNING CLOWN SEIZES HIS ADVANTAGE AND RACES AWAY WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN IN FULL PURSUIT
THAT FELLOW'S TRYING TO BREAK THE RECORD FOR A 00 YARD DASH!
IF HE WANTS A TRACK MEET, WE'LL GIVE IT TO HIM!
SUDDENLY THE GRIM JESTER HALTS HIS MAD FLIGHT WHEELS AND---
HA! HA! I HOPE THIS MAKES A HIT WITH YOU! HA!
SECONDS LATER, A SUPERCHARGED ENGINE ROARS TESTIMONY TO THE JOKER'S ESCAPE!
WELL--HE'S ESCAPED AGAIN!
---ONE THING I'M SURE OF--THE JOKER PAROLED PRISONERS AND THAT WIN-O MONEY MUST ADD UP TO A CROOKED SUM!
5

A WEEK GOES BY--THEN, ONE MORNING---
LOOK-THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF IT.
WELL, SO OUR PRANKISH PUNSTER IS BACK TO HIS OLD TRICKS, HERE WE GO AGAIN.
JOKER JIBES
AND IN A CERTAIN ROOM---
BUT THE POLICE WILL BE WATCHING THE BANK-I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WARNED THEM!
ANY FOOL CAN PULL A SURPRISE JOB BUT IT TAKES A JOKER TO DO THE EXPECTED IN SPITE OF ODDS!
THAT AFTERNOON A CORDON OF APPREHENSIVE POLICE SURROUND THE MIDTOWN BANK--
HE WOULDN'T DARE SHOW UP!
I DON'T KNOW--THE JOKER HAS PULLED MANY A CLEVER STUNT.
MIDTOWN BANK
A TYPICAL SIDEWALK PITCHMAN AMBLES ONTO THE SCENE---
ONLY A QUARTER, FOLKS! TAKE ONE HOME TO THE CHILDREN! A LITTLE CLOWN TO MAKE YOU LAUGH!
A MECHANICAL NOVELTY, FOLKS--ONLY A QUARTER!
HAW! CUTE LITTLE JIGGERS, AREN'T THEY?
YEAH--HA! HA!
THE PITCHMAN WINDS A NEW DOLL----
MOVE ASIDE, FOLKS! LET THE LITTLE DOLL GIVE YOU A BANG-UP DEMONSTRATION!
ON WADDLES THE DROLL, LITTLE CLOWN, HIS FLOPPY FEET CARRYING HIM STRAIGHT TOWARD THE BANK WALL---
--ON WADDLES, THE BULBOUS NOSE FINALLY BUMPS AGAINST THE BANK WALL---AND THEN---
BOOM

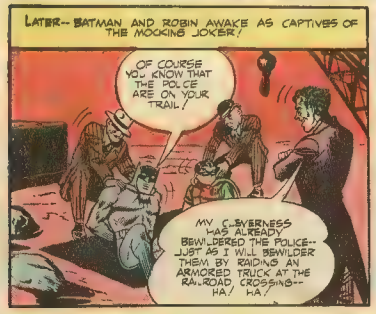
IN THE MIDST OF FRENZIED EXCITEMENT, THE PITCHMAN REMOVES HIS MAKE-UP AND REVEALS THE LEERING FACE OF THE JOKER...
HA! HA! JUST A LITTLE DO...--FILLED WITH T.N.T. EXPLODING THE WALL SO THAT THE TELLERS' CAGES ARE EXPOSED. WHAT A JOKE!
A FEW POLICEMEN COLLECT THEMSELVES AND CHARGE--BUT--
DUCK!
RAT..TAT..TAT
RAT.
TAT
AN INSTANT LATER, THE KILLER-CAR ROARS AWAY---FOLLOWED BY TWO MANTLED FIGURES, ATOP BUCKING MOTORCYCLES!
HA! GOT 'M IN THE HAND! SAY-- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
A DANGEROUS CHASE BEGINS--
BOY-OH-BOY!
WE'RE CATCHING THEM, ROBIN!
SUDDENLY, THE JOKER WHIPS HIS CAR ABOUT, AND VAULTS FOR SAFETY!
THAT DEV.. HAS BLOCKED THE ROAD! CAN'T TURN! ROBIN... ALLEY-OOP!
THE ACROBATMAN MAKES A DARING LEAP--
NOW!
A RENDING CRASH! LIKE TWIN CANNON BALLS, THE MOTORCYCLES GRIND INTO THE AUTOMOBILE BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN--
SAFE! WHEW--THAT WAS CLOSE!
JUST THINK--THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN S'OUR JOKER FRIEND HAS PULLED ANOTHER ACE FROM HIS CROOKED DECK!
CRASH

THE NEXT NIGHT...
...STEN TO THE HEADLINE ROBIN! JOKER NABS $ 20,000 AND ELUDES BATMAN! $20,000...
--AND TONIGHT THE BOWL O' BILLS PROGRAM GIVES AWAY $ 20,000 TO THE LUCKY PERSON WHO RECEIVES OUR TELEPHONE CALL!
DAILY FLASH JOKER NABS $20,000 AND ELUDES BATMAN
AH, HERE WE ARE! THE LUCKY TELEPHONE NUMBER... CENTRAL 9540... HELLO, MR. MONTWILY?
MONTWILY? HE WAS JUST RELEASED FROM JA... TWO DAYS AGO!
MR. WILY--YOU ARE THE WINNER OF THE BOWL O' BILLS PROGRAM!
BOWL O' BILLS
SWELL! I JUST GOT OUTTA STIR, SO THE DOUGH WILL COME IN MIGHTY HANDY TO MAKE PAYMENTS ON A NEW CAR I JUST BOUGHT!
COME TO THINK OF IT, WILY ...LOOKS LIKE THE MAN WHO HELPED THE JOKER ON HIS ...LAST ...JOB!
$ 20,000--THE SAME SUM! AND THOSE TWO WIN-O WINNERS WON $30,000.. THE SAME AMOUNT STOLEN FROM THAT OTHER BANK! HMM!
THE FOLLOWING DAYS SEE MORE ROBBERIES BY THE JOKER AND HIS CRIME COHORTS!
DAILY FLASH
BANK MESSENGER HELD UP BY JOKER $ 30,000 TAKEN!
$ 5,000 PAYROLL ROBBERY BY JOKE
POLICE QUESTION SUSPECTS--
WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY FOR THIS EXPENSIVE CAR? YOU JUST GOT OUT OF JAIL YESTERDAY!
YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, COPPER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR HOW I WON $ 30,000 IN A BIG RAFFLE LAST NIGHT?
YOU JUST GET OUT OF JAIL AND ARE ABLE TO AFFORD A PLACE LIKE THIS? HOW COME?
GET THIS, COPPERS-- I WON $ 5,000 PLAYING WIN-O, SO JUST, RELAX.
ROB A BANK, JOE?
ONE MAN OFFERS POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THE LUCKY LAW-BREAKERS--
YES--POLICE ALWAYS CHECK UP ON NEWLY RELEASED PRISONERS WHO SUDDENLY ACQUIRE SUDDEN WEALTH. WHAT'S THAT TO DO WITH THE JOKER?
LISTEN--THE JOKER HAS A NEW RACKET. HE MAKES AN ACCOMPLICE OF A RECENTLY RELEASED CRIMINAL. THEY PULL A ROBBERY...

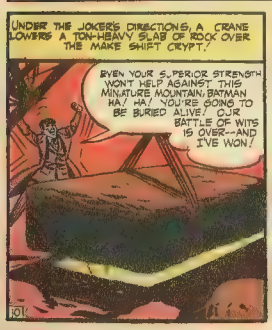
--THEN THEY FIX IT SO THE ACCOMPLICE CAN "WIN" THEIR OWN LOOT BACK AT WIN-O, O'BILLS, RAFFLES, ETC. THIS IS DONE BY THREATENING THEATRE OWNERS, RADIO PROGRAM DIRECTORS, AND SO ON---
THAT'S WHY THE JOKER KILLED THAT THEATRE OWNER HE WAS AFRAID HE'D TALK!
THE POLICE ACT--BUT ONE DAY LATER--
IT'S NO USE! I'VE QUESTIONED THEATRE OWNERS AND THE REST CONCERNED, BUT THEY WON'T TALK--PROBABLY AFRAID THE JOKER WILL HARM THEIR FAMILIES!
THEN WE'VE GOT TO OUTSMART THE JOKER! MAKE HIM COME TO US!
STARTLING NEWS HEADLINES THE MORNING PAPER--
JOKER DEAD
BODY FISHED OUT OF RIVER WITHOUT MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION NEEDED
BUT WHAT IS THIS?
BUT-- BUT YOU AIN'T DEAD, JOKER!
MISTAKEN IDENTITY--PROBABLY SOME BUM THEY FISHED OUT OF THE RIVER! HMM--IT WOULD SUIT MY PLANS TO BE THOUGHT DEAD. I'LL IDENTIFY THAT BODY!
I DON'T GET IT!
JOKER DEAD
THE NEXT DAY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS---
THE JOKER ONCE RUINED MY BUSINESS! I KNOW HIM WELL ENOUGH TO IDENTIFY HIS BODY--IF IT IS HIS BODY!
FINE. HE'S ONE MAN WE WANT TO MAKE SURE IS DEAD! COME RIGHT IN!
YES--DO, COME IN! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU--JOKER!
A TRAP!
YES, A TRAP! WE FIGURED THOSE PHONY HEADLINES WOULD LURE YOU, CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, REMEMBER?
I HAVE AN ADAGE TO MATCH THAT ONE! DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED!
UH!
STOP HIM!
A WINDOW-SHATTERING LEAP CARRIES THE JOKER TO THE SIDEWALK, A FLOOR BELOW!
GET THAT CAR GOING! IT WAS A TRAP!
BUT FOLLOWING THE KILLER CLOWN IS HIS TWIN NEMESIS--BATMAN AND ROBIN!
C'MON! WE'RE BORROWING THIS GAS BUGGY!

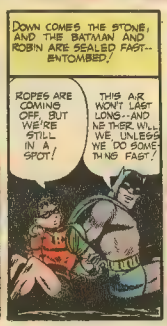

AGAIN, A WILD, FRENZIED CHASE, TAKING THE CARS OUT INTO OPEN COUNTRY!
CATCHING UP. ARE THEY'VE WELL, THEY'VE GOT A SURPRISE COMING!
THIS BABY CAN TRAVEL!

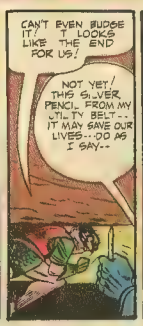
WITHOUT A WARNING--FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE--
GAS! CAN'T SEE-- EVERYTHING'S GOING BLACK!
THAT CUNNING MURDERER-- I'M GOING UNDER!
A SLEEPING GAS OVERCOMES THE CRIME-BUSTERS!


LATER-- BATMAN AND ROBIN AWAKE AS CAPTIVES OF THE MOCKING JOKER!
OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT THE POLICE ARE ON YOUR TRAIL!
MY CLEVERNESS HAS ALREADY BEWILDERED THE POLICE-- JUST AS I WILL BEWILDER THEM BY RAIDING AN ARMORED TRUCK AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING-- HA! HA!

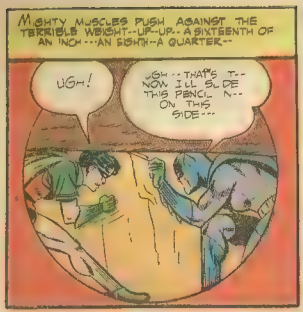
AS FOR YOU, DEAR BATMAN AND ROBIN, YOU WOULD HAVE ARRANGED A BURIAL FOR ME--SO I AM DOING THE SAME FOR YOU! HA! HA! GET OUT OF THIS ONE IF YOU CAN---
FUNNY, ISN'T HE?
YEAH-- HE KILLS ME!

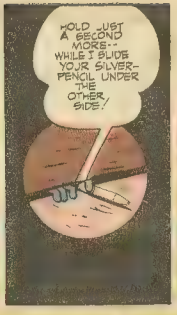

UNDER THE JOKER'S DIRECTIONS, A CRANE LOWERS A TON-HEAVY SLAB OF ROCK OVER THE MAKE SHIFT CRYPT.
EVEN YOUR SUPERIOR STRENGTH WON'T HELP AGAINST THIS MINIATURE MOUNTAIN, BATMAN HA! HA! YOU'RE GOING TO BE BURIED ALIVE! OUR BATTLE OF WITS IS OVER--AND I'VE WON!


DOWN COMES THE STONE, AND THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE SEALED FAST-- ENTOMBED!
ROPES ARE COMING OFF, BUT WE'RE STILL IN A SPOT!
THIS AIR WON'T LAST LONG--AND NEITHER WILL WE, UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING FAST!

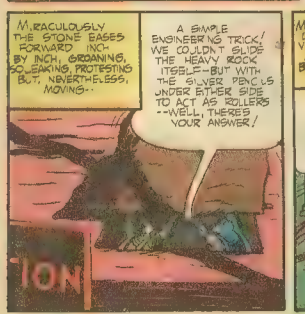

CAN'T EVEN BUDGE IT! IT LOOKS LIKE THE END FOR US!
NOT YET! THIS SILVER PENCIL FROM MY UTILITY BELT-- IT MAY SAVE OUR LIVES---DO AS I SAY--

WHAT'S THE IDEA?
YOU'LL SEE--STOP TALKING AND PUSH--ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS RAISE THIS SLAB A FRACTION OF AN INCH--UGH---


MIGHTY MUSCLES PUSH AGAINST THE TERRIBLE WEIGHT--UP--UP--A SIXTEENTH OF AN INCH---AN EIGHTH--A QUARTER--
UGH!
UGH--THAT'S IT--NOW I'LL SLIDE THIS PENCIL IN--ON THIS SIDE--


HOLD JUST A SECOND MORE--WHILE I SLIDE YOUR SILVER-PENCIL UNDER THE OTHER SIDE!

--I'M ALL IN--AND I DON'T GET THIS ANYHOW.
YOU WILL--NOW PRESS AGAINST THE ROCK--TRY TO MAKE IT SLIDE FORWARD--NOW--UGH!


MIRACULOUSLY THE STONE BASES FORWARD INCH BY INCH, GROANING, SQUEAKING, PROTESTING BUT, NEVERTHELESS, MOVING--
A SIMPLE ENGINEERING TRICK! WE COULDN'T SLIDE THE HEAVY ROCK ITSELF--BUT WITH THE SILVER PENCILS UNDER EITHER SIDE TO ACT AS ROLLERS --WELL, THERE'S YOUR ANSWER!
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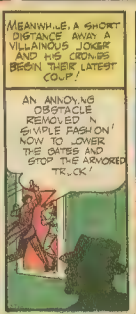
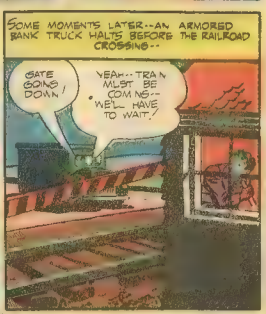
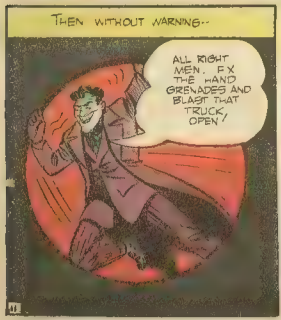
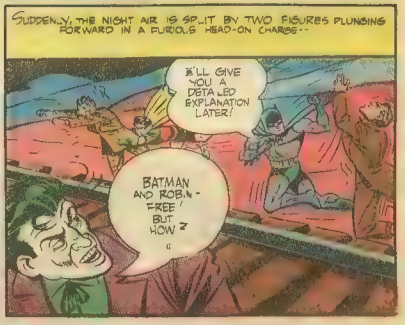

MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY A VILLAINOUS JOKER AND HIS CRONIES BEGIN THEIR LATEST COUP!
AN ANNOYING OBSTACLE REMOVED IN SIMPLE FASHION! NOW TO LOWER THE GATES AND STOP THE ARMORED TRUCK!


SOME MOMENTS LATER--AN ARMORED BANK TRUCK HALTS BEFORE THE RAILROAD CROSSING--
GATE GOING DOWN!
YEAH--TRAIN MUST BE COMING--WELL, HAVE TO WAIT!


THEN WITHOUT WARNING--
ALL RIGHT MEN--FIX THE HAND GRENADES AND BLAST THAT TRUCK OPEN!


SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT AIR IS SPLIT BY TWO FIGURES PLUNGING FORWARD IN A FURIOUS HEAD-ON CHARGE--
I'LL GIVE YOU A DETAILED EXPLANATION LATER!
BATMAN AND ROBIN--FREE! BUT HOW?

ROBIN GOES TO TOWN!
DON'T CROWD ME, BOYS--THIS IS MY NIGHT TO HOWL!
WHILE THE BATMAN AND THE JOKER ONCE AGAIN MEET IN A PERSONAL BATTLE!
HASN'T MY FIST MET YOUR CHIN SOME TIME BEFORE?
RAIL ROAD CROSS SING
YOU--YOU INFERNAL MEDDLER!
AS THE TWO GREAT ENEMIES CLASH IN TERRIFIC COMBAT--THERE IS THE SUDDEN NEARBY RUMBLE AND THUNDER OF AN APPROACHING EXPRESS TRAIN---
GOOD HEAVENS! THE TRAIN!
R
LIKE A JUGGERNAUT OF DOOM, THE TRAIN ROARS MIGHTILY OVER THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE JOKER HAD FALLEN!
I DON'T KNOW--HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE TRAIN PASSES--
DO--DO YOU THINK HE--?
AND WHEN THE LONG TRAIN FINALLY DOES CLATTER PAST--
THERE'S NOBODY HERE! HE'S GONE!
PROBABLY ROLLED UNDER THE TRAIN--AND WHILE IT HELD US UP HE MADE HIS ESCAPE!
THE JOKER--GONE AGAIN!
YES--BUT HE'LL BE BACK--HE ALWAYS COMES BACK--AND WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL FIND US READY AND WAITING!
BOB KANE
12

FOOD FOR THE FISHES

by Eric Carter

THE two boys stood before questioner, who spoke in a low voice. Since the enemy had come into this land, everybody had to speak in secret and meet in secret, and even think in secret. Straight and tall they stood, these two lads, reminding one of their native Norwegian ash from which is fashioned the finest skis in the world. They were mere lads, yes, but they knew the meaning of war.

* * *

Norway had seemed about to die the day Quisling renounced his birthright. But a country that is built on truth, and light, and love is everlasting. Those to whom Norway had given birth swore, with their lives as pledges, that she should not die. Men and women, and even children were agreed that death was preferable until the day the yoke of tyranny would be flung from their necks.

* * *

"You are not afraid, Derek? Nor you, Paul?"

The eyes of the speaker, Inton Evasek, were kindly and grave, resting on the faces of the two lads before him.

Derek, being the eldest—he was twelve—answered.

"We are not afraid of the danger. We are afraid only that we shall not be able to carry ou this mission. I pray God that we may be victorious."

Inton Evasek smiled and the tired lines of his face seemed to glow with new promise and determination. When children such as these, mere striplings, were against the enemy how could terror hope to prevail? He turned around, his glance on the solemn-faced ring of men around him. "You are satisfied, gentlemen?"

They nodded approval.

Smiling still, Inton Evasek spoke to Derek.

"The carts are loaded with dried fish, which you are to take to the store of Alderman Hansen at Karmo. Tell him the choice fiish is the smallest one, which will be on the bottom. You understand?"

Derek and Paul both nodded. Continuing, Inton Evasek said:

"If the enemy sentries stop you, only your wit can get you through. They will not confiscate the fish, because they abhor it." Inton Evasek looked toward the door. "The sleds are ready. You boys must get through, that is all I can tell you."

Derek and Paul shook hands gravely with the leader of the town council and went out into the invigorating night where two carts, drawn by husky dogs, awaited them.

* * *

There was a German corporal at the outpost and, at the moment, he was standing rigidly at attention as a small, youthful and wrathful Lieutenant upbraided him. The Corporal's name was Schmidt and he had served in the Imperial Army, which is why only a reddened countenance betrayed his feelings as the Lieutenant's vitriol continued.

"Dumkopf!" The Lieutenant's slight body quivered. "How dare you allow a man to leave his post, even for an instant? What do I care whether you have taken his place? Frost-bite, bah! The soldiers of the Fuehrer fear nothing, not even the elements." The Lieutenant's breath, in the crisp air, emerged like smoke from an angry steam engine. "It is too bad we have to use old men such as you in the New Order. But I will take care of that now!"

Gloved hands darted into his overcoat pocket and came out with a card, which the Lieutenant handed to Schmidt. "Take this pass, and tonight when you are relieved, you are to go to Company X. There, they will teach you something about the way a modern garrison is run."

* * *

Schmidt's shoulders twitched. During the last war he had been given the Iron Cross. And now, after having been pressed into service, and brought to a strange, freezing country, he was to suffer a military indignity. He knew that in Company X, his stripe would be torn off and he would become plain Private Schmidt. He saluted stiffly as the Lieutenant signaled the end of the interview. His blue eyes bored into the officer's back as he strutted away. In the old days, Schmidt told himself, such a pip-squeak would be crushed.

* * *

Life had changed so, since that raving, ranting fool had come into power. This New Order . . . what did it mean? It meant killing, and bloodshed, and avarice, and tyranny and prosecution! Hadn't the last war taught anybody anything?

Corporal Schmidt's anger rose as he looked at the pass in his hand. Then he shrugged. Always he had been a soldier, and even from these criminals who masqueraded as officers, an order was an order. He looked up to see Platz returning.

Platz's ears were red now, instead of blue. The private was about the same age as

Schmidt and he, too, had fought in the old war. He stood now before Schmidt, grattitude in his eyes.

"I cannot thank you enough, old kamerad," he said, "for permitting me to have my ears attended. In this accursed country, I might have left them. It is so bitter cold."

Schmidt smiled and said wryly: "The Lieutenant thinks not. He believes a soldier of the Fuehrer is immune to anything."

Platz's eyes darted around. "Sssh, Corporal," he said. "I think I hear something." His eyes strained into the night. "Yes. Halt!"

* * *

Corporal Schmidt watched the faces of the two Norwegian boys as the sentry questioned them. They were very young, and taciturn and proud, like all these Norwegians. The questions were answered stiffly. They were taking dried fish in their carts to a shop in Karmo. The younger of the two boys reminded Schmidt of one of his own children back home.

The lad stiffened as Schmidt, approaching him, said: "Fish? Haven't they enough in that seaport town?" Schmidt's eyes saw the older boy's warning glance.

For just a fraction of a second, emotion showed on the boy's face; then it resumed its stolidness. Schmidt threw back the covers on the carts and the odor of dried, salted fish assailed his nostrils.

Platz, standing behind him, said: "How can anyone eat such stuff?" Then, suspiciously, he said to the younger boy: "Perhaps you and your brother had better accompany me to the Lieutenant."

The boy started, his ears hearing Platz, but his eyes were on Schmidt, who was rummaging through the fish. Through the corner of his eye, the Corporal saw the movement. So, he told himself, this is not as innocent as it looks! He continued probing through the pile of fish, then, straightening, he said to Platz: "I can find nothing."

He turned to the older boy. "I should take you to the Lieutenant," he said angrily, "but instead, I will take some of your fish." His eyes watched the boy's.

"Certainly, Herr Corporal," Derek said. "Here." He grasped some large fish. "These are delicious."

Schmidt smiled to himself. Outwardly, he was raging. Platz watched, bewildered. Schmidt was usually calm and placid. "Very well," Schmidt bellowed. "Get these carts out of here." He drew a card from his pocket. "This pass will take you through," he said. "Now leave."

* * *

Thanking Schmidt profusely, the older boy returned the covers on the cargo and hastily drew away. The smaller and younger lad followed him. Out of earshot, tthe smaller boy said: "Derek, it is fortunate that you handed him the big fish." He shivered, not from the cold, and said:

"The enemy can be very cruel. If they ever found out what our secret is. . . ."

Derek patted his brother's arm. "We'll get through," he said, "With this pass no one will hold us."

He felt strangely happy and light-hearted, and, looking back, saw the Corporal and the other soldier still watching him. Derek quickened the pace of the dogs, afraid perhaps they would be called back.

But Schmidt had no such intention. He was explaining to Private Platz that the enemy wouldn't be stupid enough to try to smuggle things through with children. "Besides," he said mockingly, "hasn't the New Order the finest spies in the world? They see and know everything."

"But they are still Norwegians," Platz protested. "And this is their country, which we are occupying." He shook his head sadly. "No one can be trusted these days."

Schmidt smiled. He felt the same way about it. That the boys were concealing something had been know to him. He had no idea what it was, nor did he care. People, he felt, had a right to keep what belonged to them, to fight for it. This country was determined to regain its freedom.

Patting Platz's shoulder, Schmidt said softly:

"You are right, Platz. No one can be trusted. And we Germans know that because our country was stolen from us by the Nazis."

* * *

He was smiling to himself as Platz's gasp came to his ears, but he continued toward the barracks to pack up for his trip to Company X. He wouldn't need his pass, old soldier that he was. His ready tongue would get him through to Company X, stationed by the sea. He recalled now that it was near Karmo, where those lads had said they were going.

Schmidt threw the fish he had been carrying into the darkness. It smelled awful.

Grinning, he told himself those boys would have to wash their clothing well to eradicate the odor. Sending something in fish—! Schmidt shrugged. Well—let the poor devils strike back best as they could. "Puny efforts," Schmidt muttered, "against these madmen of the New Order."

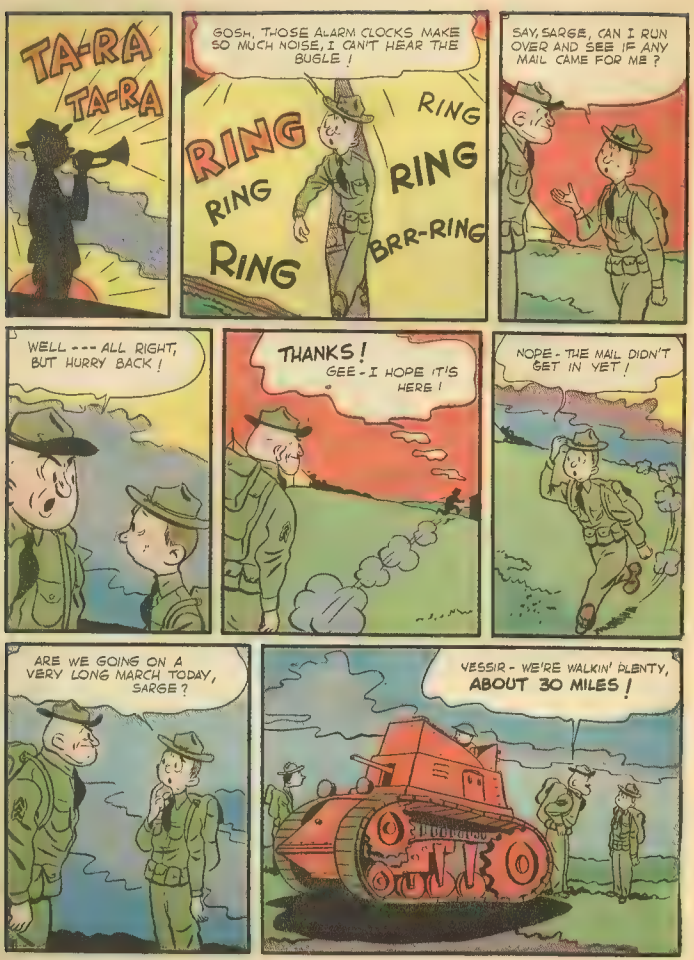
He was wrong. He didn't know that concealed inside the fish was the message which would go to Britain and warn that within a matter of hours, embarkation boats—huge bellied and filled with soldiers—would attempt to invade the English coast under cover of night.

All Schmidt knew, when he finally reached Company X, was that it had been completely wiped out by the Royal Air Force, which, somehow, had learned of the High Command's prideful and closely-guarded invasion plans! Not an embarkation boat nor a soldier was left; all had become food for the fishes!

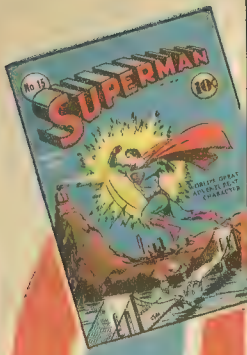
THE END

PRIVATE PETE
by
HERBERT BOTHORE
PRIVATE PETE, YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO SENTRY DUTY TONIGHT!
HMM - A SENTRY IS A VERY IMPORTANT GUY. HE PROTECTS THE OTHERS FROM DANGER!
I HEAR SOMEONE -- HALT! WHO GOES?
WHO ARE YOU. HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A SPY? WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?
COME ON, LET'S SEE IF YOU KNOW IT!
HOW DARE YOU! DO YOU REALIZE WHO I AM, YOUNG MAN?
PRIVATE PETE!

THIS IS GENERAL SUMMERS! WHY ARE YOU QUESTIONING HIM?
WELL, IN ALL THE MOVIES I'VE SEEN OF ARMY LIFE, THERE'S ALWAYS A PASSWORD. YOU KNOW, LIKE SWORDFISH, OR SOMETHIN'!
..AND SO-
GOLLY, DOING KITCHEN POLICE IS NO PICNIC -- IT SEEMS THAT ALL THEY EAT HERE'S POTATOES
POTATOES - POTATOES - FOR DAYS AND DAYS, ALL I SEE IS POTATOES!
48 HOURS LATER..
YIPPEE! I'M ALL THROUGH, NO MORE SPUDS!
PRIVATE PETE, WE GO OUT ON MANEUVERS TOMORROW MORNING MAKE SURE YOU'RE READY ON TIME!
I'M PLAYING SAFE ON GETTING UP. K.P. DUTY DOESN'T APPEAL TO ME!
ONE
TWO
THREE


TA-RA
TA-RA
GOSH, THOSE ALARM CLOCKS MAKE SO MUCH NOISE, I CAN'T HEAR THE BUGLE !
RING
RING
RING
RING
RING
BRR-RING
SAY, SARGE, CAN I RUN OVER AND SEE IF ANY MAIL CAME FOR ME ?
WELL --- ALL RIGHT, BUT HURRY BACK !
THANKS ! GEE - I HOPE IT'S HERE !
NOPE - THE MAIL DIDN'T GET IN YET !
ARE WE GOING ON A VERY LONG MARCH TODAY, SARGE ?
YESSIR - WE'RE WALKIN' PLENTY, ABOUT 30 MILES !

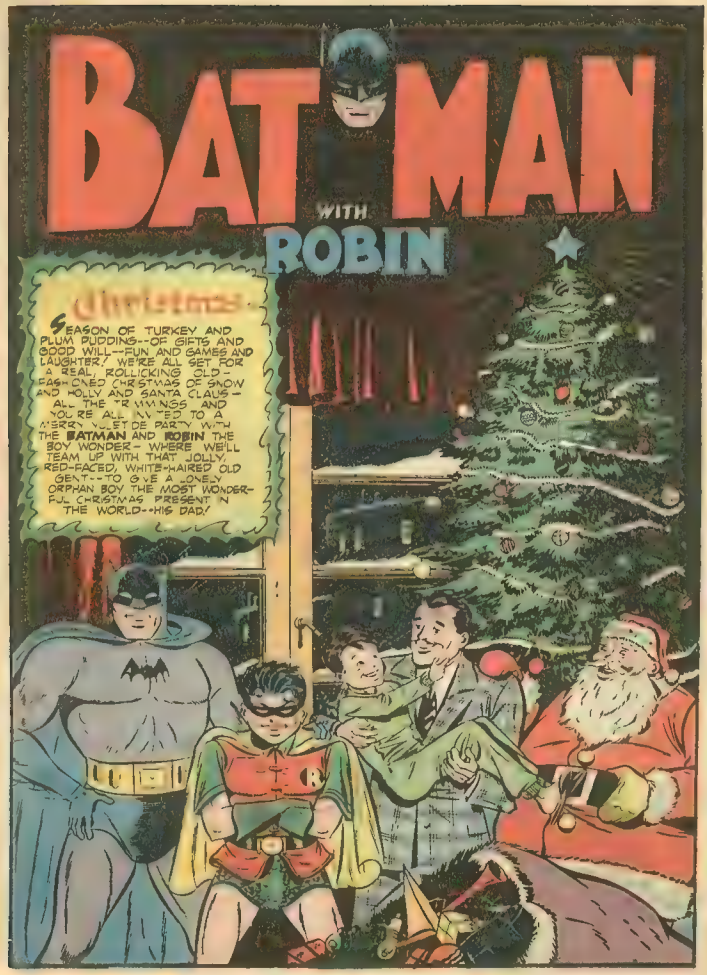
30 MILES! OH-OH- THAT PACKAGE BETTER COME!
COME ON, MAILMAN - HURRY UP!
MAIL! COME AN' GET IT!
STOP CROWDING, FELLERS - YOU'LL ALL GET YOURS!
PRIVATE DETE - THERE'S A CRATE FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE!
DETE WENT BEHIND THOSE TREES WITH HIS PACKAGE. HE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE IT!
BOY-OH BOY- ISN'T IT A BEAUTY!
OKAY, SARGE-I'M READY FOR THE MARCH!



A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

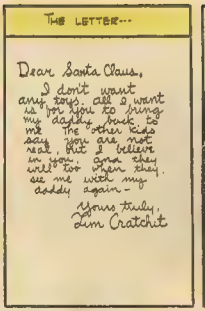
LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK FOR THE BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINES!

NOW ON SALE


BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
Christmas
SEASON OF TURKEY AND PLUM PUDDING--OF GIFTS AND GOOD WILL--FUN AND GAMES AND LAUGHTER! WE'RE ALL SET FOR A REAL, ROLLICKING OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS OF SNOW AND HOLLY AND SANTA CLAUS--ALL TRIMMINGS AND YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO A MERRY YULETIDE PARTY WITH THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER - WHERE WE'LL TEAM UP WITH THAT JOLLY, RED-FACED, WHITE-HAIRED OLD GENT--TO GIVE A LONELY ORPHAN BOY THE MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN THE WORLD--HIS DAD!

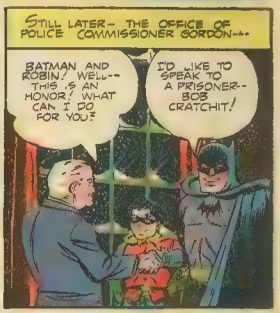
THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND A SMOOTH, WHITE SHEET OF SNOW BLANKETS THE ROOFTOPS AND STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY.
HAPPY CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS PUSH THEIR WAY INTO CROWDED DEPARTMENT STORES. AMONG THEM ARE BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON--
OOPS! HEY--WHERE ARE YOU DICK?
HERE I AM!
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, BROTHER!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
YES--EVERYONE SEEMS TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO BRING JOY TO OTHERS!
WHERE DO WE GO NOW?
TO THE ORPHANAGE. I WANT TO SEE IF THOSE TOYS I ORDERED GET THERE IN TIME!
THANK YOU, SIR!
AT THE ORPHANAGE---
THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THOSE GIFTS!
IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH I CAN DO TO MAKE THIS A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR, PARENTLESS TOTS! I--EH--WHAT'S THIS?
THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!
YOU HEARD ME--THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!
BUT THERE IS, TOO! YOU WRITE HIM A LETTER AND HE BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK FOR! MY DADDY TOLD ME SO!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY DADDY! YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF US HERE!
BUT I HAVE GOT A DADDY--ONLY HE'S AWAY ON SOME LONG TRIP--SEE--I WISH I KNEW WHEN HE WAS COMING BACK!
HE'S NOT EVER COMING BACK--BUT IF YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS, WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM TO SEND YOUR DADDY TO YOU? HAH!
ALL RIGHT--I WILL! AND WHEN MY DADDY COMES HERE YOU'LL BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS THEN, YOU'LL SEE!
SURE, TIMMY--BUT, YOUR DADDY AIN'T NEVER COMING BACK 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS.
THAT'S ONLY KID STUFF!
THAT BOY TIMMY--IS HIS FATHER DEAD?
NO--HE'S IN JAIL--SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE FOR MURDER! SAD CASE, TOO! THE MAN INSISTS HE WAS FRAMED!

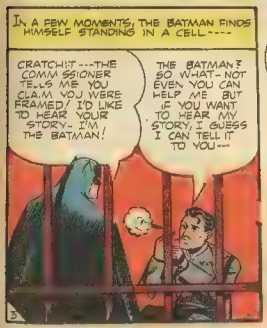
LATER.. JUST AS BRUCE AND DICK ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE....
MISTER WILL YOU PLEASE MAIL THIS LETTER FOR ME? PLEASE.. IT'S TO SANTA CLAUS!
WHY, OF COURSE.. AND I'LL SEE THAT HE GETS IT..


THE LETTER...
Dear Santa Claus,
I don't want any toys. all I want is for you to bring my daddy back to me The other kids say you are not real but I believe in you. and they will too when they see me with my daddy again.
Yours truly,
Jim Cratchit

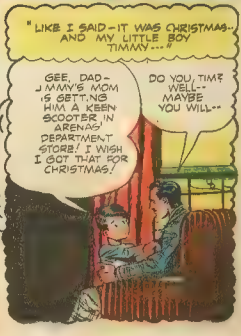
POOR KID! HE'LL BE PRETTY SAD TO FIND THAT SANTA AIN'T BRINGING BACK HIS FATHER!
WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN! C'MON, DICK. THE BATMAN IS GOING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS!

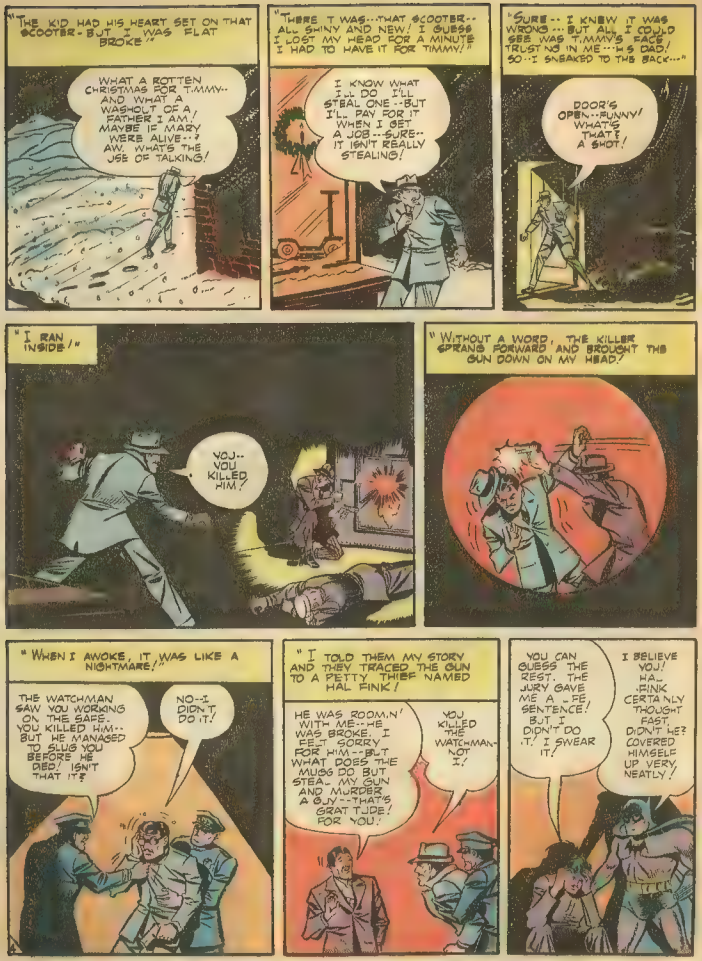
LATER--
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
OUR FIRST STOP IS THE STATE PRISON!


STILL LATER- THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON--
BATMAN AND ROBIN! WELL-- THIS IS AN HONOR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO A PRISONER-- BOB CRATCHIT!


IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF STANDING IN A CELL----
CRATCHIT ---THE COMMISSIONER TELLS ME YOU CLAIM YOU WERE FRAMED! I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOUR STORY- I'M THE BATMAN!
THE BATMAN? SO WHAT- NOT EVEN YOU CAN HELP ME BUT IF YOU WANT TO HEAR MY STORY, I GUESS I CAN TELL IT TO YOU---

IT STARTS A YEAR AGO- THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS. FUNNY THING--THAT'S TODAY! TIMMY- I WONDER HOW-HE'S?---BUT MY STORY-- WE...--


"LIKE I SAID-IT WAS CHRISTMAS.. AND MY LITTLE BOY TIMMY---"
GEE, DAD- JIMMY'S MOM IS GETTING HIM A KEEN SCOOTER IN ARENA'S DEPARTMENT STORE! I WISH I GOT THAT FOR CHRISTMAS!
DO YOU, TIM? WELL-- MAYBE YOU WILL--


"THE KID HAD HIS HEART SET ON THAT SCOOTER - BUT I WAS FLAT BROKE."
WHAT A ROTTEN CHRISTMAS FOR TIMMY-- AND WHAT A WASHOUT OF A FATHER I AM! MAYBE IF MARY WERE ALIVE--! AW, WHAT'S THE USE OF TALKING!
"THERE IT WAS--THAT SCOOTER--ALL SHINY AND NEW. I GUESS I LOST MY HEAD FOR A MINUTE I HAD TO HAVE IT FOR TIMMY!"
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL STEAL ONE--BUT I'LL PAY FOR IT WHEN I GET A JOB--SURE-- IT ISN'T REALLY STEALING!
"SURE-- I KNEW IT WAS WRONG-- BUT ALL I COULD SEE WAS TIMMY'S FACE. TRUST NO IN ME--HIS DAD! SO--I SNEAKED TO THE BACK--"
DOOR'S OPEN--RUNNY! WHAT'S THAT? A SHOT!
"I RAN INSIDE!"
YOU-- YOU KILLED HIM!
"WITHOUT A WORD, THE KILLER SPRANG FORWARD AND BROUGHT THE GUN DOWN ON MY HEAD!"
"WHEN I AWOKE, IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!"
THE WATCHMAN SAW YOU WORKING ON THE SAFE. YOU KILLED HIM-- BUT WE MANAGED TO SLUG YOU BEFORE HE DIED! ISN'T THAT IT?
NO--I DIDN'T DO IT!
"I TOLD THEM MY STORY AND THEY TRACED THE GUN TO A PETTY THIEF NAMED HAL FINK!"
HE WAS ROOMIN' WITH ME--HE WAS BROKE I-- SORRY FOR HIM--BUT WHAT DOES THE MUGS DO BUT STEAL MY GUN AND MURDER A GUY--THAT'S GREAT TUDE! FOR YOU!
YOU KILLED THE WATCHMAN-- NOT I!
YOU CAN GUESS THE REST. THE JURY GAVE ME A LIFE SENTENCE! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! I SWEAR IT!
I BELIEVE YOU! HA-- FINK CERTAINLY THOUGHT FAST, DIDN'T HE? COVERED HIMSELF UP VERY NEATLY!

CRATCHIT, I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING! WHO KNOWS, PERHAPS YOU MAY DISCOVER THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!
BATMAN, IF YOU GET ME OUT OF HERE, I'LL BE INDEBTED TO YOU ALL MY LIFE!
MINUTES LATER···
SAY···ISN'T HAL FINK A SORT OF A BIG SHOT NOW?
YES, HAL HAS GONE FAR FROM THAT LITTLE THIEVING RAT OF A YEAR AGO-NOW HE'S A BIG RAT!
BACK AT THE PRISON A GUARD IN THE PAY OF CROOKDOM MAKES A PHONE CALL-
YEAH, HAL-- THE BATMAN WAS PUMPING BOB CRATCHIT ABOUT THAT WATCHMAN MURDER--
WELL-- THAT MEANS HE'LL BE OVER TO SEE ME NEXT. I'LL BE READY FOR HIM-READY AND WAITING--
WHAT A DUMP! IF FINK IS SUCH A BIG SHOT, WHY DOESN'T HE LIVE IN A BETTER HOUSE?
FINK OWNS THIS PLACE, BUT HE HAS THE INSIDE FIXED UP LIKE A PALACE--GLESS HE LIKES THE ATMOSPHERE HERE!
CLANG! CLANG!
···THE···BATMAN···IS···HERE···
···THE···BATMAN···IS···HERE!
AS THE TWO ENTER, THE ROTUND SANTA CLAUS CLANGS HIS BELL...DUDLY PEALING A SINISTER WARNING···
SHH! WE'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!
HE..LO, HA···BET YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SANTA CLAUS!
BATMAN!

WHY THE SOCIAL CALL?
MURDER! A MURDER A YEAR OLD TODAY! THE MURDER OF A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN ARENA'S DEPARTMENT STORE!
THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, BUT WHY COME TO ME?
BECAUSE YOU MURDERED THE WATCHMAN, NOT BOB CRATCHIT-- AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT!
NO YOU'RE NOT... 'CAUSE THIS SAYS SO!
AH-- BUT THERE'S THIS TO CONSIDER, TOO.
VOW!
RELAX, LITTLE MAN.
BOYS! BOYS! GO GET HIM!
ROBIN, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A REAL FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!
AND, HOW!
AS THE THUGS RUSH THE BATMAN, THE BOY WONDER COMES TO HIS AID!
NIMBLE-BRAINED ROBIN MAKES GOOD USE OF A COAT-HANGER!
MIND IF I HANG ONE ON YOUR CHING?

But danger swoops down on the valiant battler!
OKAY, KID--HERE'S WHERE THE LIGHTS GO OUT FOR YOU!
WOW! ROBIN'S IN TROUBLE!
A swift, accurate throw, and the gun sinks harmlessly into a soft pillow!
HUH?
?
But his timely intervention on Robin's behalf leaves the Batman off guard---
AND I GOT THOSE BOOBS JUST FOR SHOW! HAW! HAW!
And a moment later plucky Robin goes down!
HA---DO THE COPPERS KNOW THESE BIRDS CAME HERE?
YEAH--AN' THAT MEANS I GOTTA TAKE IT ON THE LAM! MEANWHILE I GOTTA PUT THESE GUYS OUTTA CIRCULATION!
Hal orders the duo taken to the roof top--
GONNA SHOVE THEM INSIDE THE WATER TANK EH?
RIGHT!
A steel door is opened and---
--Icy water shocks Batman and Robin into a horrible awakening--

TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS, BATMAN! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU TO GET A GRIP AND PRETTY SOON YOU'RE GONNA GET TIRED OF SWIMMING. HA! HA!
THE STEEL DOOR CLANGS SHUT! AND NOW INSIDE ALL IS DARK-- AS DARK AS A WATERY TOMB!
KEEP TREADING WATER, ROBIN! KEEP SWIMMING!
WE CAN'T KEEP THIS UP FOREVER! WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!
SMOOTH-- SLIPPERY-- NO HOLD! THERE'S NO HOPE FOR US!
STEADY-- WAIT! THE WATER IN THIS TANK IS USED BY THE PEOPLE OF THIS TENEMENT HOUSE FOR WASHING! IF I CAN SHUT OFF THE SUPPLY--
RIPPING OFF HIS CAPE, THE BATMAN DIVES TO THE TANK'S BOTTOM AND PLUGS UP THE INTAKE PIPE!
NOW THE WATER CAN ONLY GO OUT THROUGH THE OUTGOING PIPE! AND THIS CAPE WILL KEEP FRESH WATER FROM BEING PUMPED IN!
NOW LET'S HOPE SOMEBODY TAKES A BATH OR USES ENOUGH WATER TO LOWER THE LEVEL IN HERE SO WE CAN STAND ON THE BOTTOM!
GOLLY--TO THINK OUR LIVES DEPEND UPON SOMEBODY TAKING A BATH!
AND WHILE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TRY TO KEEP ABOVE WATER--DOWN BELOW--
WHAT NOW, HAL?
AS SOON AS I GET THIS BLASTED INK OFF ME, WE'LL PULL ONE LAST JOB IN THIS BURG AND SCRAM! I'LL THE HEAT'S OFF!
MEANWHILE---
G-GO-LY! M-MY ARMS AND LEGS FEEL LIKE L-LEAD! N-NO STRENGTH LEFT!
COURAGE ROBIN-- I'LL KEEP YOU UP!
NO--NO-- SAVE YOURSELF!
ROBIN, MY FEET ARE TOUCHING BOTTOM--THE WATER IS GOING DOWN-- WE'RE SAFE!

UNWITTINGLY, IN HIS HASTE HAL FINK HAS LEFT THE WATER RUNNING, PROVIDING AN ESCAPE FOR THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--
AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER--
G-GOLLY! THAT LIGHT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!
AS SOON AS WE'RE OUT OF HERE, WE'LL RACE HOME AND CHANGE TO DRY COSTUMES!
SOMETIME LATER---AS BATMAN AND ROBIN DART PAST A WHARF ON THEIR WAY TO COMMISSIONER GORDON--
SAY, ISN'T THAT THE SAME SANTA WE SAW IN FRONT OF HAL'S PLACE?
HMM--THAT'S ODD! LOOK! HE SEES US!
LOOK AT HIM--HE'S JINGLING THAT BELL LIKE A MANIAC!
NOW I GET IT! THAT'S A SIGNAL! HE'S A LOOK-OUT! C'MON!
---THE BATMAN---THE BATMAN IS HERE!
AT THE SIGNAL, HAL AND HIS BANDITS FILE OUT OF THE WAREHOUSE---TO BE MET BY--
LET'S GET--UGH!
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SNOWBALL FIGHT, EH?
AND HOW! WOW! I GOT ANOTHER ONE! BULL'S-EYE!
NOW'S THE TIME, ROBIN!
YIPPEE! LEMME AT 'EM!

THE FRACAS IS OVER IN SECONDS--
OKAY, PAL-- AND NOW YOU'RE IN FOR SOME QUESTIONING DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS!
HEADQUARTERS. AFTER ONE HOUR--
WE KNOW YOU MURDERED THAT WATCHMAN-EH?--
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME!
..ISTEN. BZZ-- BZZZ--
LATER--HAL FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MURDER ROOM IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE ABOUT TO RE-ENACT HIS CRIME OF ONE YEAR AGO---
SAY - WHAT'S THE IDEA O' BRINGIN' ME HERE?
WE'RE GOING TO RECONSTRUCT THE MURDER-- AND YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH US! EVERYTHING THE WAY IT WAS--
SO@@LES--ACETYLENE TORCH--AND THE MURDER GUN EVEN HAS BULLETS IN IT-NOW, ACCORDING TO CRATCH'S STORY, YOU WERE STANDING HERE WHEN--
SUDDENLY, THE CLOCK'S HOLLOW NOTES INTONE THE HOUR. "TWELVE O'CLOCK. MIDNIGHT! AND THEN--- IN MARCHES A SPECTRAL FIGURE WITH WHITE FACE AND DEATH-COLD EYES!
I AM THE GHOST OF THE MAN YOU MURDERED, CHRISTMAS PAST!
UGH!
WHAT SORTA STUNT ARE YOU GUYS TRYIN' TO PULL? THAT GUY OVER THERE--
WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THERE'S NO ONE OVER THERE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!
THEY CANNOT SEE OR HEAR ME FOR THEIR CONSCIENCES ARE CLEAR. BUT NOT YOURS, HAL FINK!
I DON'T HEAR ANYONE! THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US!
YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME-THERE---HEAR HIM TALKIN'?
ONCE MORE THE HOLLOW VOICE MOANS, CHILLING HAL'S BLOOD..
IT IS TIME, HAL FINK. COME. THE HOUR GROWS SHORT AND WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO!
NO..NO-- DON'T TOUCH ME, STAY AWAY FROM ME--

PANIC CLAMPS ICY FINGERS ABOUT THE CRIMINAL'S HEART--AND THEN SOMETHING SNAPS IN HIS BRAIN!
STAY AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE A GHOST! YOU'RE DEAD! I KILLED YOU ONCE--I'LL KILL YOU AGAIN! YA HEAR ME? I'LL KILL YOU AGAIN!
OKAY, HAL--THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW!
HUH? WHAT?
SURPRISED, EH? DON'T BE--JUST BLANKS AND MAKEUP! AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT. YOUR CONSCIENCE DID THE REST!
OH, YEAH? GIMME THAT!
DON'T NOBODY MOVE! I'M GOING OUT OF HERE AND NOBODY'S GONNA STOP ME! YA HEAR ME?
UNNOTICED TO HAL--THE BATMAN FURTIVELY SLIDES HIS FOOT TOWARDS A FALLEN COAL SHOVEL--
...AND.
MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU, HAL!
THE NEXT MORNING--CHRISTMAS DAY!
BIG DAY TODAY, EH?
YOU SAID IT!
OH, HELLO--IS THAT YOU, GORDON? WELL, LISTEN--BZZ--BZZZ---
LATER--SANTA TAKES A RIDE IN THE PATROL CAR!
WHAT'S THE DEAL OF DRAGGIN' ALONG THIS PHONEY SANTA FROM HAL'S GANG?
SEARCH ME--IT'S COMMISSIONER GORDON'S ORDER TO TAKE HIM TO THE ORPHANAGE.

--AND AT THE ORPHANAGE---
NOW, LISTEN--YOU'RE GOING INSIDE AND PLAY SANTA CLAUS FOR THOSE POOR KIDS. I WANT YOU TO LAUGH, BE HAPPY, JOVIAL, EXUDE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT--OR ELSE! GET ME?
S-SURE--I WILL BE A VERY FINE SANTA CLAUS INDEED!
INSIDE, TIM'S SHINING EYES HOPE FOR THE MIRACLE---
WELL--DID SANTA CLAUS BRING YOU BACK YOUR POP? THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!
B-BUT THERE IS, TOO! THERE'S GOTTA BE A SANTA CLAUS!
SANTA CLAUS! HA! HA! KID STUFF!
SUDDENLY--
TIMMY! MY BOY!
DADDY! GOLLY--YOU'VE COME BACK--
HO! HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS! HO! HO!
SANTA CLAUS!
ER--I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!
LEST WE BECOME TOO ENVIOUS, LET US DRAW A CURTAIN OVER THE GAY PARTY, BUT OPEN IT LATER FOR ONE LAST PEEK--
A MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!
AND GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!
LATER--IT IS A DIFFERENT SANTA CLAUS WHO LEAVES THE PARTY--
CHEE--THEM KIDS HAS GOT RIGHT INTO MY HEART! ALL OF THEM LOOKING RIGHT UP AT ME AND THINKING I'M A SWELL GUY! CHEE! WHEN I GET OUT, I'M GONNA GO STRAIGHT!
I HOPE YOU MEAN IT. I SPOKE TO COMMISSIONER GORDON, AND PERSUADED HIM TO LET YOU GO FREE ON PAROLE!
CHEE--IM BEGINNING TO THINK THERE MAYBE IS A SANTA CLAUS AFTER ALL!
YOU LOOK DOWN IN THE DUMPS! WHAT'S WRONG?
NOTHING, I GUESS--EXCEPT THAT I WISH I WAS LIKE THOSE OTHER KIDS--AND HAD A REAL CHRISTMAS PARTY. AW--- YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN--

SORRY, ROBIN/ BUT WE CRIME-FIGHTERS DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT SORT OF THING — THAT'S OUR PENALTY, I GUESS!
YEAH! I SUPPOSE SO-- BUT STILL, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SORTA NICE!
SAY--THIS IS COMMISSIONER GORDON'S HOUSE! WHY ARE WE HERE?
YOU'LL FIND OUT! OPEN THE DOOR! GO AHEAD, OPEN IT!
THE DOOR SWINGS INWARD-- A BLAZE OF RUDDY LIGHT!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, ROBIN!
COMMISSIONER GORDON! LINDA PAGE! GOLLY!
I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, ROBIN--FOR SANTA IS REAL, SO REAL, A LITTLE BIT OF HIS SPIRIT CREEPS INTO A FATHER'S HEART SO THAT ON CHRISTMAS EVE HE BECOMES THE VERY IMAGE OF OLD SANTA HIMSELF! SANTA IS REAL AND ALWAYS WILL BE IF WE BELIEVE IN THE SPIRIT HE STANDS FOR--GOOD CHEER, UNSELFISHNESS, AND LOVE OF FELLOW MAN! THAT'S THE REAL SANTA CLAUS!
GOLLY! THIS ALMOST DOES MAKE ME BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS, EVEN IF I DO KNOW HE ISN'T REAL!
AND NOW I THINK ITS TIME FOR US TO THANK THE LOYAL READERS WHO FOLLOW OUR ADVENTURES!
AND SO, AS TIM OBSERVED, GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE! AND----
Merry Christmas
Everybody!
BOB KANE
MERRY XMAS

SHORTY
OH, BOY!
LOOK AT THOSE PLANES! - IT MUST BE A THRILL TO FLY!
YESSIR-I'M GOING TO FLY..
HEY- MISTER!
FLYING SCHOOL
I WANT TO LEARN TO FLY A KITE!

WOW AND DOUBLE WOW!

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